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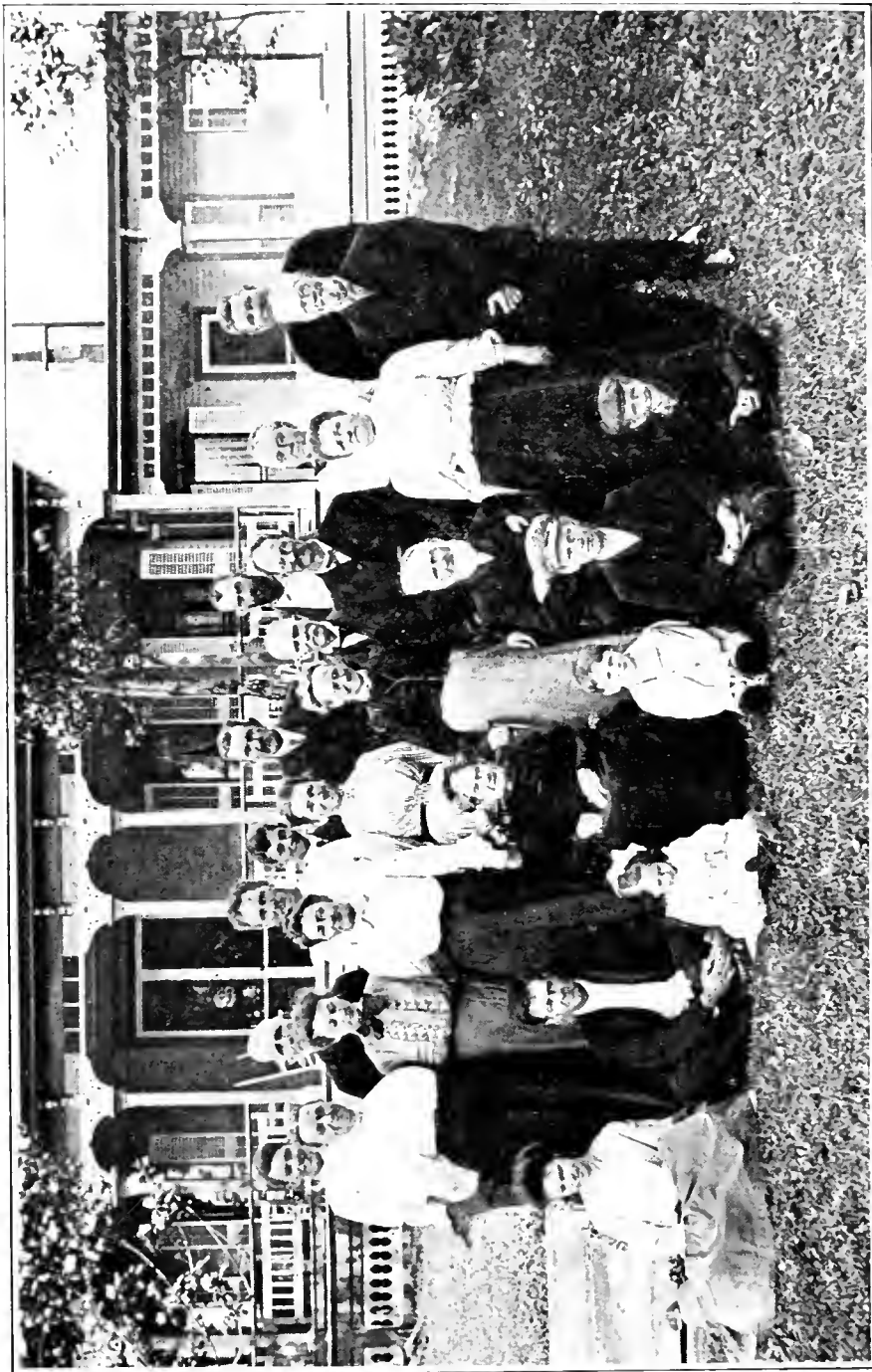
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(Walter)

THE WARNER GENEALOGY



GROUP TAKEN IN 1904 AT "SHADOW NOOK"

Sitting—Mrs. C. H. Warner, Arthur Sherman, Marian Barber, Mrs. C. W. Morrill, Lester Warner, Myron Warner, Miles Woolley, Harry Sherman.
 Front Row, Standing—Mrs. Joseph Casho, Pauline Warner, Mrs. Elwyn Warner, Mrs. Wendall Warner, Mrs. Noah Woolley, Willis C. Warner, Mary Barber, Andrew J. Sherman.
 Rear Row—Marion Warner, Joseph Casho, Wendall C. Warner, D. C. Woolley, Noah Woolley, C. O. Warner, Eddy L. Barber, Mrs. Willis C. Warner, Elwyn A. Warner.

GENEALOGY

of the Descendants of

OMRI WARNER

and a more extended

HISTORY *of* MILO WARNER AND HIS FAMILY

By C. O. WARNER

PRINTED BY THE WOLFER PRINTING CO., LOS ANGELES, 1916

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EARLY HISTORY OF THE WARNER FAMILY IN AMERICA

JOHN WARNER came to America on the ship "Increase" in April, 1635, aged 20 years. He served in the Pequot war, for which he received land by the "courtesie of the town" in Hartford. The home lot was on the east side of the road to cow pasture.

~~He married in Hartford in 1649, Anne, the daughter of Thomas Norton, of Guilford, as his second wife.~~ He was an original proprietor and settler of Farmington. Joined Farmington church March 15, 1656. Was freeman in 1664. Freed from watching and warding May, 1670. Went to New Mattatuck as committee to ascertain if it was desirable to settle plantations there. Was patentee for Mattatuck 1674, but died before removal in 1679, leaving widow Margaret. His will, dated March, 1679, names as his children, John; Thomas, Sarah, who was baptized March 15, 1657, and married Wm. Higgason; and Daniel Warner, who died at Farmington about the same time as his father, John. The place at Waterbury seems to have been held by Margaret, the mother, and a brother, Thomas. He was sometimes called Daniel of Farmington.

His children were: Daniel, Jr., John, Abigail, Samuel and Thomas. Daniel Warner, Jr., died Sept. 18, 1718. His first wife, Mary Andrews, married April, 1698. Second wife, Johanna Richeson, married April 6th, 1710. Second wife was living in 1730 as his widow.

Their children were: Samuel Ebenezer, Sarah Abigail, Mary, two who died young, and Abraham Warner, born Dec. 12, 1708.

Married Kesiah Welton, Dec. 12, 1784³. Their children were: Charles, Levi, Zubah, Kesiah, Zilpha and Daniel.

Charles Warner, born Jan. 18, 1736; died Aug. 12, 1803. His wife, Martha Warner, born Aug. 20, 1738, died July 28, 1827. They were married April 2, 1759. Their children were: Orpha, Omri, Lucena, Levi and Asa Zimri.

Martha Warner, who married Charles Warner, was the daughter (twelfth child) of Samuel Warner, son of Thomas Warner, son of John Warner, the head of the family in this country.

I have long wished that I knew more of our family history, and believing there will come after me those who will have the same desire, I write down what I have learned and what I myself know of the family.

Of the first of the name who came to this country we know little but their names, and not much even of my great-grandfather, Omri, except that he was a soldier in the Revolutionary War.

In "Massachusetts in the War" I find this of him: "Omri Warner, age 17, complexion light, height 5 feet 8 inches, enlisted April, 1778, returning July 20, 1778. Also credited to town of Sandisfield Aug. 1778. Also in Co. that marched from Sandisfield to Stillwater, Oct. 14, 1781, on a foray that lasted 11 days, but Warner, with 11 others, was detached and served 6 days longer."

Levi Warner, a brother, enlisted at Sandisfield Jan. 4, 1781, age 15 years, height 5 feet 4 inches. The Government record from his (Omri's) application, made for pension, states that he first enlisted in August, 1777, and served nearly 8 months. Again May, 1778, served 9 months in Continental establishment. Served several short militia terms. Enlisted March, 1780, and served alternately with his brother, Levi, until 1788, when his brother died of yellow fever in Philadelphia, Pa. In

April, 1818, he was living in Rutland, Vt., and applied for a pension. His claim was allowed. In 1820 his family consisted of his wife, Prudence, aged 57; Marion, 15; Harvey, 12, and Chloe, 9 years. He married second time, June 12, 1825, Catherine Evans, and died at Wales, N. Y., Dec. 20, 1841. She was pensioned as his widow, aged 79, in 1858.

A family Bible in which is a family record written by him is in the possession of the family of Adoniram Judson Warner. This was copied by Kittie Warner Hodges, June 1, 1899:

BIRTHS

My father, Charles Warner, was born January the 29th, 1736.

My mother, Martha Warner, was born August the 20th, 1738.

I was born May the 1st, 1762.

My wife, Prudence Warner, was born August 24th, 1763.

Our first child was born Oct. the 2nd, 1787.

February 27, 1789, Chloe was born.

June 11, 1791, Milo was born.

June 5, 1794, Levi was born.

Sept. 13, 1796, Hyman was born.

March 3, 1799, Charles F. was born.

March 31, 1802, Betty H. was born.

Nov. 30, 1805, Merriam S. was born.

May 31, 1808, Harvey was born.

MARRIAGES

January 22, 1787, Omri Warner and Prudence Hollister were married together. January 12th [Note year not given; E. H. Warner gives 1802.] William Fuller and Chloe Warner were married. [Chloe married second time to Samuel Cook, Sept. 5th, 1810.]

Milo Warner and Lucinda Sykes were married Dec. the 9th, 1813.

Hyman married to Sally H. Richards, April 2, 1818.

Levi married to Hepsibah Dickenson, May 20th, 1818.

Betty married to Elias Clift, Aug. 11th, 1820.

Merrion married to Allen Stevenson, January, 1825.

Harvey married to Ann Morrison, May 29th, 1829.

June 12th, 1825, I was married the second time to Catherine Evans.

DEATHS

My father, Charles Warner, died Aug. 12, 1803.

My mother, Martha Warner, died July 28, 1827.

Prudence Warner died April the 12th, 1822.

BIRTHS

The births of my brother, Zimri's, children:

His first was born March 10, 1802.

Nathan was born October 14, 1803.

Jeptha was born Aug. 8, 1805.

Lucreca (?) was born March 22, 1807.

Esther was born February 25, 1809.

Chloe was born March 30, 1811. [I was unable to identify the Chloe in the pension application till I saw this register. She was undoubtedly his brother, Zimri's, child. —C. O. Warner.]

My brother, Zimri Warner, was born Aug. the 20th, 1777, and died January 18, 1811.

His first child died in 1802.

Nathan died February 28, 1826.

There are evident mistakes in this record. I think it was probably made from memory late in life. He entirely omits the mention of his oldest daughter, Parthena, who married Julius Sykes, whose sister was the wife of Milo Warner. According to Julius Sykes' family record, Parthena was born January 22, 1784, which is just four years before his marriage as he gives it.

In the United States first census I find the name of Omri Warner, town of Sandisfield, Mass., as the head of a family of four females. He is also registered in Rut-

land, Vt., in the same year and the same way. I think it is fair to assume that he moved from Sandisfield to Rutland that year, 1790. The exact date of registration is not given, only the year. He moved from Vermont to Wales, Erie, County, N. Y., in 1821, and died there Dec. 20, 1841, as stated in pension papers. His second wife died about 1856, I think. I remember her, and of father and mother going to her funeral. My father and mother lived with him when they were first married, and I have heard my mother tell of his fondness for reading aloud to her from books and papers while she was working about the house.

At the time of his death his descendants were an important element in the community about Strykersville, N. Y. The people at that time were mostly from New England. There were the Sykeses (Parthena Warner's) children, Milo's nine, Hyman's and Levi's, with equally large families; Merrion Stevenson and Betsy Clift. Levi and family went West to Wisconsin about 1844. Many of the younger members of the families sought new locations, but there were many there as late as 1876. Now, in 1915, the only names of Warner there are Benajah, son of Hyman, now in his 91st year, and his daughter, widow of Joseph Watson, and Elwyn Warner and son, Marion C., son and grandson of Philetus M., son of Milo. There are also descendants of Parthena Warner Sykes. Lucina Reed Potter and her son, James Potter, and his four boys, all under 12 years old, and Joseph Stryker and his son, Arthur Sherman, now living on a part of the old Milo Warner place, and his sister, Mary Barber, and her daughter, at Java village, grandchildren of Myron Warner, are, I think, the only descendants there.

Of Omri Warner's children, I have a very distinct remembrance of Marion and her husband, Allen Stevenson, and of Aunt Betsy Clift, but not very distinct of her husband. I remember Uncle Hyman and Aunt Sally; they both died in 1851, I think. I remember seeing Uncle Harvey a few times. He had only one daughter; Persis,

I think, was her name. I think she married a Blair, but I know nothing about them.

FAMILY RECORD OF MILO WARNER

- Milo Warner, born June 11, 1771, at Ira, Rutland County, Vt. Married at Pawlett, Vt., Nov. 9, 1812, Lucina Kent Sykes, born Jan. 4, 1790. Their first child born and died June 22, 1813, at Rutland, Vt. All others at Java, N. Y.
- Myron Warner, born July 25, 1814; died at Beloit, Wis., April 25, 1909; buried at Strykersville, N. Y.
- Mary Sykes Warner, born March 7, 1816, died at Java, N. Y., Jan. 5, 1896.
- Cordelia Warner, born Nov. 26, 1817; died at the old home, Oct. 3, 1906; buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Philetus M. Warner, born April 15, 1820; died at Strykersville, Sept. 27, 1881.
- Philemon H. W., born Jan. 31, 1822; died at Springville, N. Y., Oct. 27, 1902.
- Jacob Kent W., born Sept. 10, 1823; died at Burdett, N. Y., Feb. 11, 1885.
- Hiram W., born May 24, 1825; died at old home, Jan. 14, 1843.
- Chancey W., born Dec. 29, 1826; died October 14, 1827.
- Frances Temperance W., born Feb. 17, 1829; died Jan. 5, 1893. at Avon, Conn.
- Pliny Fisk W., born Dec. 20, 1830; died at Peoria, Ill., July 22, 1898.
- Orpha Ellen W., born March 27, 1833; died at Batavia, N. Y., July 2, 1890, while on a visit there; buried at Java, N. Y.
- Lucina, wife of Milo; died July 20, 1843. March 27, 1845, he married at Gowanda, N. Y., Nancy, widow of John G. Patterson. He died at the old home, half-way between Java Village and Strykersville, May 1, 1873. His widow died at Westfield, N. Y., at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Skinner, August, 1882.

FAMILY RECORD OF MYRON WARNER

Married at Holderness, N. H., June 4, 1831 Sophia Woodbury Morse, born at Pembroke, N. H., Oct. 14, 1811. She died at Strykersville, Oct. 12, 1890, at old home.

Their Children

Corydon Adams, born at Strykersville, June 2, 1838; died at Java, Sept. 2, 1840.

Orville Corydon, born at Java, N. Y., July 29, 1841.

Celestia Lucina W., born at old home, June 9, 1843; died there June 16, 1880.

Emma Burke W., born March 24, 1845, near Java Village, N. Y.

Willis Carver Warner, born July 20, 1848, near Java Village, N. Y.

Catherine Maria W., born Dec. 20, 1850, at old home; died at Custer, Mich., Feb. 6, 1904.

ORVILLE C. (C. O. WARNER), married Dec. 24, 1868, at Marietta, Ohio, Fanny Ellen Champlin, widow of C. H. C., born Oct. 22, 1842, at Tully, N. Y.; daughter of Calvin and Fanny Pratt.

Their Children

Arthur Pratt Warner, born April 18, 1870, at Jacksonville, Florida.

Charles Henry Warner, born March 13, 1872, at Clinton, Wis.

Fanny Elma Warner, born April 28, 1879, at Jeffersonville, Ohio.

Arthur P. Warner, married at Beloit, Wis., Jan. 1, 1897, Alice Julia Potter, daughter of Philo Potter and Orpha E. Warner, born at Java Lake, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1871. They have two boys—Laurence P., born July 2, 1900, at Milwaukee, Wis., and Albert C., born March 10, 1904, at Chicago.

Charles married at Beloit, Wis., Nov. 29, 1895, Jennie Tora Avilda Marks, born at Lake Kegonsa, Wis., April 22, 1876. They have one son, Lester Orville, born at Beloit, Nov. 4, 1897.



CELESTIA L. AND EMMA B. WARNER, 1862

Fanny married Oct. 30, 1907, Wm. H. Gragg, born Oct. 8, 1879, in Illinois. They were married at Chicago by the Rev. A. W. Runyan, who also performed the ceremony for Arthur and Charles.

CELESTIA LUCINA WARNER, married at the old home, Oct. 20, 1864, Andrew J. Sherman, born at Sheldon, N. Y., April 15, 1840; died Sept. 27, 1909.

Their Children

Mary Elizabeth Sherman, born Oct. 24, 1865.

Burke Warner Sherman, born May 24, 1868.

Charles A. Sherman, born April 8, 1871.

Annie May Sherman, born May 20, 1876; died Jan. 8, 1892.

Arthur Kimball Sherman, born Jan. 1, 1873.

MARY E. SHERMAN, married April 9, 1890, Eddy L. Barber, born at Marengo, Ill., Nov. 5, 1865.

Their Children

Celestia R. Barber, born March 11, 1898, at Marengo, and died there Dec. 16, 1893.

Marion S. Barber, born near Java Village, July 17, 1902.

BURKE W. SHERMAN, married Oct. 3, 1894, Addie Hogan, born Oct. 10, 1871.

Their Children

Harry B. Sherman, born July 13, 1895.

Arthur K. Sherman, born March 21, 1901.

Mary E. Sherman, born April 22, 1903.

Robert Sherman, born November 15, 1904.

ARTHUR K. SHERMAN, married Feb. 20, 1906, Mary D. Camp, born May 17, 1873; died Nov. 23, 1908.

EMMA BURKE WARNER, married in Brooklyn by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, March 29, 1877, to Joseph Casho, of Chester, Pa., born Feb. 24, 1840.

Their Children

Frances L. Casho, born Jan. 3, 1878, at Chester, Pa.

Marian Morrell Casho, born Aug. 23, 1880, at Chester, Pa.

Edith W. Casho, born Nov. 16, 1881, at Chester, Pa.

William Henry Casho, born March 3, 1886, at Chester, Pa.
FRANCES L. CASHO, married November 14, 1908, in
Philadelphia, Pa., C. Bensley Collins, born Aug. 29,
1870.

WILLIAM HENRY CASHO, married October 25, 1911,
at Philadelphia, Pa., Ethel Kinsley South, born Jan.
30, 1888.

WILLIS CARVER WARNER, married Sept. 11, 1892,
Mrs. Sybil Childs, born 1838. She died in the fall of
1900. He married July 26, 1903, Mrs. Mary Shaw
Nichols, born March 21, 1846. She died September,
1909.

CATHERINE MARIA WARNER, born Dec. 20, 1850;
married March 26, 1874, Arthur Adelbert Shaw,
born March 26, 1852.

Their Children

Alvin Warner Shaw, born Feb. 14, 1875; died April 25,
1880, at Java Village, N. Y.

Emma Gertrude Shaw, born Jan. 17, 1877.

Winnefred Shaw, Wilfred Shaw, twins, born June 5,
1881.

Myron Warner Shaw, born July 25, 1884; died March 28,
1898, at Custer, Mich.

EMMA GERTRUDE SHAW, married Nov. 8, 1896, Mc-
Cumber.

Their Children

Ellis Adelbert, born April 17, 1898.

Gertrude Delphine, born May 10, 1899.

WILFRED SHAW, married Sept. 30, 1901, Clara L. Bar-
ret, born Dec. 11, 1882.

Their Children

Myrna Arloine, born June 9, 1908.

Wilna Catharine, born June 4, 1907.

WINNEFRED SHAW, married at Custer, Mich., Oct. 17,
1906, Fred R. Boyd, born Dec. 20, 1880, at Rockville,
Ind.

Catherine Warner Shaw, died Feb. 6, 1904. A. A. Shaw married second, Aug. 14, 1906, Charlotte Shearing, born July 28, 1854.

CARSON BRYANT, born May 24, 1811, married April, 1852, Mary Sykes Warner, born March 7, 1816.

Their Children

Anna Lucina, born Jan. 6, 1854; died Aug. 26, 1861.

Ellen Cordelia, born March 29, 1856; died Aug. 28, 1861.

Edna May, born Dec. 22, 1857.

Carson Bryant, died June 14, 1880; Mary S. Bryant died Jan. 5, 1896.

NOAH WOOLEY, born June 10, 1855; married December 11, 1884, Edna May Bryant.

Their Children

Mary Minerva, born March 14, 1887; died March 9, 1898.

David C. Wooley, born July 19, 1889.

Miles B. Woolley, born April 30, 1894.

DAVID C. WOOLLEY, married Jan. 19, 1910, Leona Orr Babcock, born Aug. 14, 1885.

Their Children

Geraldine Orr Woolley, born Nov. 13, 1910.

Laura Janett Woolley, born Feb. 3, 1912.

Lynn Woolley, born Feb. 11, 1913.

Norman B. Woolley, born June 11, 1914.

MILES B. WOOLLEY, married June 12, 1912, Emily Rix, born Dec. 19, 1891.

Their Children

Donald Rix Woolley, born June 3, 1913.

Doritha Margaret Woolley, born Aug. 24, 1915.

PHILEMON H. WARNER, born Jan. 31, 1822, married March, 1845, Althea Mann. They had no children. She died Sept. 7, 1896; born Aug. 23, 1824. He married second time, Anna L. Lincoln, born May 11, 1836. He died Oct. 21, 1902.

CORDELIA WARNER, married July 30, 1863, Dr. Henry E. Morrill. They had no children.



MARY WARNER BRYANT

FAMILY RECORD OF PHILETUS MILO WARNER

P. M. WARNER, born April 15, 1820, married Aug. 11, 1842, Dolly M. Crook, born Nov. 9, 1819.

Their Children

Helen E. Warner, born April 18, 1843; died Dec. 27, 1865.

Olivia S. Warner, born April 12, 1846; died June 4, 1891.

Everett S. Warner, born Sept. 19, 1847; died same day.

Adna M. Warner, born Dec. 24, 1848; died Jan. 15, 1865, a prisoner of war, at Saulsbury, N. C.

Eva A. Warner, born Dec. 5, 1851; died July 25, 1902, at Yorkshire, N. Y.

Wendall Chapin Warner, born March 29, 1854.

Elwyn A. Warner, born May 25, 1859.

WENDALL C. WARNER, married November, 1876, Mrs. Sarah A. McArthur, born Nov. 20, 1842.

Their Children

A daughter, born Dec. 14, 1881; died June 17, 1888.

Pauline Warner, born March 7, 1890.

ELWYN A. WARNER, married March 21, 1880, Jennie E. Bennion, born March 11, 1856.

Their Children

Clarence A. Warner, born Oct. 4, 1881; married Dec. 31, 1907, Lulu Rech.

Their Children

Virginia, born April 18, 1909.

Jane Doris, born April 25, 1914.

MARION C. WARNER, born March 15, 1883; married April 20, 1908, Florence E. Hutchings.

Their Children

Evelyn Jane, born Feb. 8, 1914.

EVA A. WARNER, married June 8, 1869, Merrit C. Briggs. She had one daughter, Alline, born July 6, 1871; married John Shedd, May 1, 1901.

FAMILY RECORD OF JACOB KENT WARNER

Jacob Kent Warner, born at Java, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1828; died at Burdett, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1885. Married at Brooklyn, N. Y., June 29, 1854, Mary Anna Platt, born at Babylon, Long Island, N. Y., May 30, 1834; died at Johnstown, Wis., Dec. 18, 1864. Married, second, Elisebeth Webster Mason, Dec. 6, 1865, at Johnstown, Wis. She was born at Bristol, N. H., Nov. 20, and died at Jacksonville, Florida, June 19, 1870. Married, third, Mary Louisa Brown, Sept. 21, 1871, at Burdett, N. Y., born Sept. 16, 1837, at Burdett.

Children of J. K. and Mary Anna Warner

Edith Almira Warner, born Aug. 17, 1856, at Burdett, N. Y.

Alton Graham Warner, born May 7, 1858, at Dundee, N. Y.

Edwin Gaylord Warner, born Nov. 30, 1860, at Center, Wis.

Mary Morrill Warner, born July 6, 1864, at Johnstown, Wis.; died Aug. 2, 1865, at Johnstown.

Children of J. K. and Mary Louisa Warner

Walter Brown Warner, born April 29, 1874, at Burdett, N. Y.; died May 6, 1880, at Burdett.

Frank Warner, born May, 1875, at Jacksonville, Florida; died Dec. 23, 1875, at Jacksonville, Florida.

Nora Louisa Warner, born July 22, 1878, at Burdett; died June 27, 1912, at Saranac Lake, N. Y.

John Dudley Warner, born July 6, 1880; died Oct. 3, 1880, at Burdett.

ALTON GRAHAM WARNER, married Aug. 12, 1885, at Watkins, N. Y., Fanny Bailey, born Nov. 28, 1860, at Livonia, N. Y.

Their Children

Stuart Durland Warner, born July 24, 1886, at Watkins, N. Y.

Genevieve Warner, born Jan. 24, 1888, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Irene Warner, born May 12, 1890, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Alan Graham Warner, born Feb. 26, 1896, at Brooklyn,
N. Y.

Stuart Durland Warner, married at Boston, Mass., Oct.
17, 1908, Anne Walker, born Sept. 15, 1886, at Lis-
bon, N. H.

Irene Warner, married May 24, 1915, at Brooklyn, N. Y.,
Benjamin Kimball Ayers, born March 28, 1888, at
Concord, N. H.

EDWIN GAYLORD WARNER, married June 25, 1889,
at Brooklyn, N. Y., Euphemia Jane Lawson, born
July 6, 1864, at Dundee, Scotland.

Their Children

Harold Lawson Warner, born Aug. 8, 1890, at Brooklyn,
N. Y.

Edith Platt Warner, born Oct. 18, 1891, at Brooklyn N. Y.

Marion Gray Warner, born Oct. 7, 1893, at Brooklyn,
N. Y.

Douglas Kent Warner, born Dec. 16, 1894, at Brooklyn,
N. Y.

Kenneth Gaylord, born, Oct. 16, 1896; died Jan. 7, 1897.

Helen Katherine, born April 17, 1900; died Jan. 25, 1901.

Albert Lyman Warner, born March 1, 1903, at Brooklyn,
N. Y.

HAROLD LAWSON WARNER, married Aug. 17, 1911,
at Scranton, Pa., Nettie Van Deinse, born July 9,
1891, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Their Children

Harold Lawson, Jr., born July 7, 1912, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Marjorie, born Sept. 19, 1914, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITH PLATT WARNER, married Oct. 15, 1914, at
Brooklyn, N. Y., Hamilton Patton, born Oct. 20,
1891, at Chicago, Ill.

Marion Gray Warner, married April 5, 1915, at Brooklyn,
N. Y., John Snyder Carlile, born April 28, 1886, at
Brockton, Mass.

FRANCES TEMPERANCE WARNER, born Feb. 17, 1829, married April 16, 1855, Arba Uriel Thompson, born March 10, 1825; died Dec. 10, 1891.

Their Children

Herbert Wilson Thompson, born May 16, 1858.

William Warner Thompson, born Feb. 2, 1861.

Lewis Winthrop Thompson, born June 20, 1862.

Lelia Anna Thompson, born Nov. 16, 1863.

Charles King Thompson, born Aug. 14, 1865.

Edward Morill Thompson, born Dec. 24, 1869.

Frances May Thompson, born May 28, 1873.

HERBERT WILSON THOMPSON, married Sept. 22, 1886, Annie Marshall Hardie, born March 19, 1867.

Their Children

Bertha Frances Thompson, born May 16, 1888.

Edna Hardie Thompson, born June 3, 1891.

BERTHA THOMPSON, married June 10, 1911, Charles F. Smith, born Aug. 14, 1883.

Their Children

Charles Warner Smith, born Aug. 8, 1813.

Stephen Craig Smith, born June 1, 1915.

LEWIS WINTHROP THOMPSON, married Sept. 21, 1897, Helen Foster Hoskins, born Oct. 3, 1867.

Their Children

Dorothy Claire Thompson, born Aug. 20, 1900.

David Hoskins Thompson, born Aug. 28, 1910.

CHARLES KING THOMPSON, born Aug. 14, 1865, at Avon, Conn.; married, Oct. 18, 1887, Annie Perkins Barry, born Jan. 14, 1864, at Chelsea, Mass.

Their Children

Helen Frances Thompson, born July 31, 1888, at Bridgeport, Conn.

Anna Josephine Thompson, born Feb. 28, 1890, at Bridgeport, Conn.

Florence King Thompson, born June 19, 1891, at Bridgeport, Conn.

Lewis Marshall Thompson, Edwin Warner Thompson, twins, born Nov. 7, 1894, at Hartford, Conn.

Wilson Harlow Thompson, born June 28, 1898, at Springfield, Mass.

Lelia May Thompson, born April 13, 1907, at Springfield, Mass.

ERNEST JAMES HOSKINS, born July 30, 1870, married June 17, 1896, Frances May Thompson, born May 28, 1873.

Their Children

Herbert Wilson Hoskins, born May 3, 1897.

William Alva Hoskins, born March 28, 1899; died Dec. 24, 1902.

Frances Warner Hoskins, born May 28, 1905.

Beatrice Alvina Hoskins, born July 18, 1907.

Ernestine Lois Hoskins, born April 18, 1915.

PLINY FISK WARNER, born Dec. 20, 1830; married at Mystic, Conn., April, 1863, Jane B. Dennison, born Sept. 7, 1823. They had no children.

ORPHA ELLEN WARNER, married at Strykersville, N. Y., July 9, 1861, Nelson Lewis. He died Sept. 2, 1862, of typhoid fever. She married the second time in Brooklyn, N. Y., to Philo W. Potter.

Their Children

Alice Julia Potter, born Jan. 1, 1871; married Arthur P. Warner.

MILTON ARTHUR POTTER, born Nov. 15, 1876, at Java, N. Y.; married at Beloit, Wis., Sept. 17, 1902, Alma M. Carpenter, born Aug. 25, 1883, at Waterloo, Wis.

Their Children

Clifford A. Potter, born June 28, 1903.

Gertrude Ada Potter, born March 5, 1906.

Warner O. Potter, born Nov. 19, 1907. All at Beloit.

FAMILY RECORD OF LEVI WARNER, SON OF OMRI

Born at Rutland, Vt., June 5, 1794; died at Walworth, Wis., April 8, 1849; married at Wales, N. Y., May 20, 1818, Hepsibah Dickinson, born at Amherst, Mass., Jan. 28, 1800; died at Summerville, Wis., Nov. 1854.

Children of Levi and Hepsibah Warner

Hyman Dickinson Warner, born at Wales, N. Y., April 4, 1819; married Sophronia Gifford, date unknown; died at Walworth, Wis., March, 1849.

Christopher Columbus, born at Wales, May 7, 1821; died at Oakland, Cal., April 8, 1873.

Eliza Warner, born at Wales, Nov. 23, 1822; died at Wales, 1843.

Phidelia Eveline, born at Wales, Aug. 1824; died at Wales, 1824.

Alexander Lafayette, born at Wales March 18, 1826; died at Healdsburg, Cal., Feb. 12, 1897; married at St. Charles, Ill., 1848, Mary Perkins Elliott; married, second time, at Healdsburg, Cal., 1897, Susan England.

Julia Priscilla W., born at Wales, Dec. 11, 1828; died at Walworth, Wis., 1846.

Esther Warner, born at Wales Jan. 4, 1830; married at Walworth, Wis., Oct. 15, 1851, Judson Kingsley. He died at Kingsley, Mich, 1884. She died at Belding, Mich., Sept. 15, 1910.

Sarah Ann Warner, born at Wales, February, 1832; married at Walworth, Wis., 1849, Warren Emerick; died at Oxford, Wis., 1855. He died in Idaho, 1906.

Adoniram Judson W., born at Wales, June 13, 1834; married at Sodus, N. Y., Susan Elisebeth Butts, April 5, 1855; died at Marietta, O., Aug. 12, 1910.

Velina Lucelia Warner, born at Wales, N. Y., June 13, 1839; married at Charles City, Ia., Oct. 12, 1870, Abram Onstine, born May 16, 1837.

Ellen Lucinda Warner, born at Springville, N. Y., Dec. 12, 1841; married at Kingsley, Mich., Sept. 7, 1869, Jacob B. Onstine, born in Ohio, Feb. 14, 1840; died at Kingsley, Mich., Feb. 16, 1890. He died at Spokane, Wash., August, 1909.

FAMILY RECORD OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS WARNER

Born at Wales, N. Y., March 7, 1821; married at Strykersville, N. Y., November, 1844, Lucinda Rogers. She died at Walworth, Wis., in May, 1845. April 12, 1849, he married at Clinton, Wis., Polly Ann Irish, born in Tully Valley, Onondaga County, N. Y., Aug. 24, 1825. He died at Oakland, Cal., April 8, 1873. His widow died at Zanesville, Ohio, Jan. 20, 1894.

Their Children

Elbert Eugene Warner, born at Clinton, Wis., Jan. 9, 1851.

Alice Lucetta Warner, born at Clinton, Wis., Nov. 17, 1853.

Carrol Columbus Warner, born at Clinton, Wis., June 5, 1858; died at Marietta, Ohio, June 27, 1876.

Kittie C. F. Warner, born at Clinton, Wis., Dec. 6, 1860.

E. E. WARNER, married in Oakland, Cal., June 26, 1873, Cora Parkhurst. She died in Oakland, Aug. 5, 1874. Their son, born July, died October, 1874, at Oakland. He married in Marietta, Ohio, July 2, 1876, Altha May Shrake, daughter of John and Mary Hall Shrake, born in Newark, Ohio, May 31, 1855. Their daughter, Altha May, born in Marietta, Ohio, Oct. 4, 1882, married in Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1914, Marlette Crouse, son of George N. and Florence Marlette Crouse.

Alice Lucetta Warner, married in Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 22, 1879, Samuel C. Wallace, who died in Fargo, N. D., in 19—. They had one daughter, who died in infancy.

KITTIE C. F. WARNER, married Sept. 8, 1887, Frank Beers Hodges, son of Alanson and Fannie Beers Hodges of Fabius, N. Y.

Their Children

Carrol Warner Hodges, born in Syracuse, Feb. 25, and died March 5, 1894.

Elma Esther Warner Hodges, born in Syracuse, N. Y., March 12, 1896.

FAMILY RECORD OF ALEXANDER LAFAYETTE
WARNER

Born at Wales, N. Y., March 18, 1826; died at Healdsburg, Cal., Feb. 12, 1897; married October, 1848, Mary Perkins Elliot, born June 27, 1827, in Indiana. She died May 31, 1891, at Healdsburg, Cal. He married the second time, at Healdsburg, Susan England, 1897.

Children of Alexander and Mary Perkins Warner

Mary Eliza, born at Walworth, Wis., Sept. 28, 1849.

John Elliot, born at Dekalb, Ill., Jan. 26, 1852.

Elon Lafayette, born at Dekalb, Ill., Dec. 25, 1858.

Elsia Melita Warner, born at Dekalb, July 24, 1858.

Cora Elfie Warner, born at Dekalb, Ill., Nov. 6, 1861.

John Elliot Warner, died Oct. 17, 1897, at Healdsburg, Cal.

Elsia M. Warner died at Dekalb, Ill., Sept. 28, 1858.

MARY ELIZA WARNER, married May 31, 1870, at Oakland, Cal., Seth Brown Maloon, born at Roxbury, Mass., June 30, 1845.

Their Children

Clarence Lafayette, born at Oakland, Cal., Sept. 18, 1871; died at Geyserville, Cal., Dec. 14, 1898.

Arthur Seth Maloon, born July 8, 1875, at Oakland, Cal.

George Warner Maloon, born Feb. 16, 1877; died Oct. 19, 1901, in Napa County, Cal.

Clarence L. Maloon married Dicey Allen Hill Shaw, Aug. 31, 1897, in Oakland. They had one son, Clarence, who died at 8 years of age.

ARTHUR SETH MALOON, married Isabel Myers, near Oakland, Nov. 25, 1896.

Their Children

Earl Belmont Maloon, born Sept. 7, 1897, at Oakland.

Hazel Ivy Maloon, born March 23, 1892, at Oakland.

JOHN ELLIOT WARNER, married Dec. 27, 1875, Augusta Louisa, a native of Honolulu, Hawaii.

Pearl Coraline Warner, born April 18, 1877, at Healdsburg, Cal.

Frederick Alexander Warner, born July 21, 1878, at Healdsburg, Cal.; married April 3, 1901, Mabel Dell Thurman, a native of Stony Point, Cal.

Oscar Elon Warner, born Feb. 7, 1881, at Healdsburg, Cal.

PEARL CORALINE WARNER, married Nov. 17, 1894, John Hodgson Wilson, a native of Carlisle, England.

Their Children

Edna Martha Wilson, born June 24, 1896, at Healdsburg, Cal.

Anna Frances Wilson, born March 25, 1909, at Healdsburg, Cal.

FREDERICK ALEXANDER WARNER, married April 3, 1901, Mabel Dell Thurman, a native of Stony Point, Cal.

Lela Alice Warner, born Feb. 26, 1905, at Healdsburg, Cal.

John Elliot Warner, born May 18, 1909, at Healdsburg, Cal.

Ralph Alexander Warner, born June 12, 1912, at Healdsburg, Cal.

CORA ELFIE WARNER, born Nov. 6, 1861, at Sycamore, Ill.; married April 5, 1882, Martin Van Buren Frost.

Their Children

Harvey Chester Frost, born Nov. 7, 1888, at Healdsburg, Cal.; married Oct. 16, 1907, Mary Elizabeth McBride, native of Dunkirk, N. Y.

Charles Laurence Frost, born Dec. 29, 1894, at Healdsburg, Cal.

Children of Harvey and Mary Elizabeth Frost

Chester Clare Frost, born July 18, 1908.

Marjorie Frost, born July 19, 1910.

Gladys May Frost, born Sept. 11, 1912. All at Healdsburg, Cal.

ELON LAFAYETTE WARNER, married Jan. 3, 1888, Lillian Pierson, born in California. His son, Roy Elon Warner, born Dec. 5, 1885, at Watsonville, Cal.; married June 27, 1910, Frieda Josephine Walters, born in California.

Their Children

Barbara, born April 27, 1913.

Richard Elon, born, born Aug. 20, 1915.

ESTHER WARNER KINGSLEY, married to Judson W. Kingsley, who died Dec. 21, 1884. She died Sept. 18, 1910.

Their Children

Olinda Kingsley, born Sept. 6, 1852.

Columbus W. Kingsley, born March 4, 1854.

Emma Luella Kingsley, born Nov. 27, 1855.

Carrie L. Kingsley, born Sept. 23, 1860.

Arthur J. Kingsley, born Feb. 25, 1874.

OLINDA KINGSLEY, married to Thomas R. MacSween, April 24, 1878. He died Aug. 26, 1902. (Mrs. MacSween still living.

Their Children

John M. MacSween, born Aug. 18, 1880; died Dec. 26, 1903.

Ethel M. MacSween, born July 11, 1883; died October 4, 1904.

Warner K. MacSween, born April 1, 1886; married Esther Miller, Sept. 18, 1907.

COLUMBUS W. KINGSLEY, married to Mary Sweeny, Nov. 17, 1880; died June 17, 1911. His wife died March 1, 1913.

Their Children

Ada Esther Kingsley, born Jan. 1, 1882; married to Claire E. Muckey, June 8, 1909. No children.

Judson Warner Kingsley, born May 6, 1886; married to Laura Foglesong, Oct. 12, 1911.

Helen R. Kingsley, born Dec. 19, 1888; died Feb. 11, 1907.

JUDSON WARNER KINGSLEY, JR., married Laura Foglesong Oct. 12, 1911.

Their Children

Ralph Warren Kingsley, born July 17, 1912.

Helen Louise Kingsley, born Aug. 1, 1914. There are great grandchildren.

EMMA LUELLA KINGSLEY, married to Oscar F. Webster, May 18, 1879; died July 12, 1912. (Her husband, Oscar F. Webster, still living.)

Their Children

Luella O. Webster, born April 15, 1880; died, Nov., 1898.

EDWIN O. WEBSTER, born May 24, 1881; married to Lena Martin, July, 1903.

Their Children

Ronald Webster, born Sept. 28, 1904.

Elaine Webster, born March, 1906.

Gayle Webster, born Sept. 28, 1911.

CARRIE L. KINGSLEY, married to George T. Edmond, July 8, 1885. He died April 29, 1905.

Their Children

Arthur B. Edmond, born Dec. 16, 1896. Carrie Kingsley Edmond married the second time to C. H. Cameron, April 17, 1911.

ARTHUR J. KINGSLEY, married to Daisy M. Anderson, March, 1897; died Nov. 2, 1915.

Their Children

Frances Kingsley, born June, 1899.

FAMILY RECORD OF ADONIRAM JUDSON
WARNER

Born in Wales, Erie Co., N. Y., Jan. 13, 1834; married April 5, 1855 Susan Elizabeth Butts, born at Pompey Hill, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1833. A. J. Warner died at Marietta, Ohio, Aug. 12, 1910.

Their Children

Elmer, born Lewistown, Pa., Jan. 25, 1857; died Georgetown, D. C., Nov. 8, 1862.

Julia Belle, born Lewistown, Pa., Dec. 25, 1858; married to George Morgan Woodbridge, March 29, 1884. Is now a widow living at Seattle, Wash.

Carrie Ellis, born Mercer, Pa., Dec. 11, 1860; married David Okey, Dec. 29, 1886.

Annie Laurie, born Indianapolis, Ind., June 10, 1864; married Dec. 27, 1887, to Wm. R. Pomerende.

Enid, born at Marietta, Ohio, July 8, 1866; married April 5, 1892, to Wm. Henry Slack. Now living at Gainesville, Ga.

Flora Victoria, born at Marietta, Ohio, May 4, 1868; married Walter G. Beach, Dec. 28, 1892. Lives at Seattle Wash.

Arthur Judson, born at Marietta, Ohio, Jan. 22, 1870; not married. Now lives in Seattle, Wash.

Horace Sidney, born at Marietta, Ohio, May 16, 1872; died Aug. 8, 1881 at Marietta, Ohio.

Laurence, died in infancy.

Frances Elizabeth, born at Marietta May 21, 1878; married Sept. 1, 1904 Charles M. Hathaway. Now lives in Hull, Eng., where he is American Consul.

Grand Children—Children of Julia Warner Woodridge

Laura Frances Woodridge, born at Bellaire, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1886; married at Seattle, Wash., 1913, to Henry C. Peeples.

Dudley Warner Woodbridge, born at Bellaire, Ohio, Feb. 21, 1896.

Carrie Ellis Warner Okey's Children

Maud Elizabeth Okey, born at Washington, D. C., Nov. 9, 1887; now teacher of domestic science, Extension Dept. of Ohio University, at Columbus, Ohio.

Catherine Warner Okey, born at Marietta, Ohio, July 21, 1893; graduate from Smith College, Northampton, June 1915.

Annie Laurie Warner Pomerene's Children

Warner Meritt Pomerene, born at Coshocton, Ohio, May 5, 1893; graduate from Ohio University, June, 1915.

Walter Holmes Pomerene, born at Coshocton, Jan. 21, 1895. The Pomerenes live at Worthington, near Columbus, Ohio.

Enid Warner Slack's Children

William Henry Slack, Jr., born at West Superior, Wis., Aug. 11, 1898.

Francis Goddard Slack, born at West Superior, Wis., 1897.

Chester Warner Slack, born at Milwaukee, Wis., 1900.

Charles Morell Slack, born at Marietta, Ohio, 1903.

Children of Flora Victoria Warner Beach

Susan Beach.

Edwards Beach.

Rachel Julia Beach.

Alan Warner Beach—all born at Pullman, Wash.

Gen. A. J. Warner is the only descendant of Omri Warner noticed in "Who's Who."

FAMILY RECORD OF CHESTER HARRISON WARNER

Chester Harrison Warner, fourth son and tenth child of Levi Warner, was married to Mary Elizabeth Mortimer Parkhurst, in DeKalb, Ill., Dec. 28, 1863, and was born Sept. 24, 1836, in Erie county, N. Y. When a young man, he taught school at Sycamore, Ill. He joined a

party of emigrants for California in 1862, and brought to that state a band of horses which netted him so well that he returned to Illinois by way of steamer from San Francisco to Panama and thence by Atlantic steamer to New York and by rail to Illinois. He was joined by his older brother (Alexander Lafayette) in the spring of 1863, and they made the overland trip to California with a larger band of horses. They selected a location for a cattle ranch that fall in the Sierra Nevada mountains at what was then known as Sardine valley, not far from Sierraville. Chester returned the same winter to Illinois via Panama, and on Dec. 28, 1863, was married as above noted. He crossed the plains again in the spring of 1864, taking with him his bride, and also the family of his brother, Alexander, the latter's wife and four children, and his sister, Celia, who afterwards married Abraham Onstine. They remained in Sierra county until 1868, when Chester and his wife and two children returned to Illinois, and a year later returned and settled in Oakland, Cal., where he engaged in the flour mill business until 1875, when he removed to a farm near Healdsburg, Cal. In the fall of 1879, with wife and seven sons, he came to the then territory of Washington and located at Colfax, where he re-engaged in the flour mill and grain business, and removed to Seattle, Wash., in 1906. He was a member of the territorial legislature one term and a member of the state constitutional convention. He died in Seattle Oct. 3, 1913, and was buried in the Odd Fellows' cemetery at Colfax, Wash.

His seven sons were:

Elmer Clayton Warner, born in Sierra County, Cal., Aug. 2, 1865; married Mary Jane Steward, March 26, 1886. Mary Jane Steward was born near Sheridan, Ore., July 8, 1865. To them were born two children at Colfax, Wash., Chester Steward, Jan. 13, 1887, and Essie Lenore,

July 17, 1888, who married Oct. 4, 1911, Cyrus W. Gossert and had one child, a son, Cyrus Warner Gossert, born Jan. 15, 1913, at Spokane, Wash.

George Melvin, born in Sierra County, Cal., Oct. 12, 1866, and died in Colfax, Wash., March 7, 1887.

Emerson Mortimer, born in De Kalb, Ill., Sept. 20, 1868; married to Annie G. Campbell in Colfax, Wash., July 10, 1895; two children were born to them, Sophia Erma, born Jan. 17, 1898, and Mary Lois, Sept. 9, 1901. All of them are living in Seattle, Wash.

Herbert Harrison, born in Oakland, Cal., March 18, 1870; married in Colfax, Wash., to Lulu Mary Carter, Nov. 5, 1902. To them was born but one child, Grace Elizabeth, Feb. 8, 1904, at Colfax, Wash. All live in Seattle, Wash.

Orville Columbus, born in Oakland, Cal., Oct. 21, 1873, and died in Colfax, Wash., Sept. 26, 1893.

Alvin Chester, born in Oakland, Cal., Sept. 11, 1875; married in Colfax, Wash., June 19, 1901, to Dora Wiseman. Three children were born to them, Kenneth Wiseman, born in Colfax, Wash., March 13, 1907; Alvin Chester, Jr., born in Seattle, July 18, 1911; Pauline, born in Seattle, Oct. 10, 1914. All in Seattle, Wash.

Charles Carrol, born in Oakland, Cal., Aug. 31, 1879; married Feb. 8, 1906, in Minadoka, Idaho, to Iva May Wolverton of Texas, now living at Los Angeles, Cal, with his four children, Lola Bay, born in Seattle, Wash., Aug. 2, 1907; Charles Carrol, Jr., born at Sand Point, Idaho, 1909; Iva May, born in San Diego County, Cal., in Sept, 1912; Audrey Ray, born in Dec., 1913, a twin brother died a few days later.

Mary Elizabeth Mortimer Parkhurst, wife of Chester Harrison Warner, was born Aug. 15, 1841. Her parents were Horace Parkhurst and Nancy Downer Hill, who intermarried March 1, 1838, at a country place in New York state, called Babcock Hill, near Bridgewater.

Horace Parkhurst was the son of Gould Thomas Parkhurst and Hannah Healy, who intermarried in

Plainfield, Conn., and moved to Winfield, Herkimer county, New York, very early in the nineteenth century. The ancestors of Horace Parkhurst, on the paternal side, came to America from England in 1659, and settled in Connecticut and Rhode Island. Of their posterity, eleven took part in the revolutionary war. Noah Parkhurst, who was the first to fire his musket at Concord bridge, was a great uncle of Horace Parkhurst. The latter's mother was of French-Huguenot extraction. He died near Colfax, Wash., Feb. 14, 1881.

Nancy Downer Hill, wife of Horace Parkhurst, was born March 19, 1814, in Stephentown, Rensselaer county, New York, and died at Colfax, Wash., May 26, 1890. She was the daughter of Joseph Hill and Mercer Mortimer. The latter was a daughter of Lord Mortimer of England.

Children of Abram and Lucelia Warner Onstine

Warner Abram Onstine, born Oct. 4, 1871; married, Dec. 3, 1906 Beatrice Emily Ward, born Jan. 18, 1874. Have no children.

Thurman Carrol Onstine, born May 28, 1879; married Sept. 29, 1902, Pearl Lovingood, born Oct. 14, 1879.

Their Child

Nellie Jewel Onstine, born Oct. 17, 1906.

CARRIE ONSTINE, born Jan. 6, 1875; married, June 25, 1903, John Simeon Hadden, born Aug. 13, 1873.

Their Children

Lucelia Onstine Hadden, born June 28, 1904.

Beatrice Warner Hadden, born June 9, 1906.

Margeret Hadden, born July 18, 1913.

Children of Jacob B. and Lucinda Warner Onstine

Burton J. and Minetta Onstine, twins, born at Clear Lake,

Iowa, June 11, 1870. Minetta died at Clear Lake, February, 1890.

Everett Jacob Onstine, born Oct. 18, 1874; died May 16, 1875 at Clear Lake.

Luella Baly Onstine, born May 13, 1877, at Clear Lake; died Dec. 28, 1896, at Colfax, Wash.

FAMILY RECORD OF JACOB SYKES

Jacob Sykes was born Jan. 21, 1758; died Sept. 18, 1840.

Michal Kent was born Dec. 22, 1756; died Jan. 7, 1816.

They were married Dec. 30, 1784.

Their Children

Julius Sykes, born Sept. 26, 1785; died Oct. 11, 1871, at Strykersville.

Temperance Sykes, born June 30, 1787.

Banajah Sykes, born Nov. 25, 1788; died Aug. 21, 1789.

Lucina Sykes, born Jan. 4, 1790; died July 20, 1848.

Austin Sykes, born Aug. 30, 1791; died May 20, 1792.

Sarah Sykes, born Feb. 11, 1798; died May 25, 1835.

Jacob Sykes, born May 16, 1794; died April 26, 1836.

Hulda Sykes, born April 28, 1795.

Polly Sykes, born Jan. 17, 1798; died Oct. 8, 1814.

Michal Sykes, born March 14, 1799; died June 15, 1832.

Diantha Sykes, born Oct. 1, 1800; married Moses Smith.

Julius Sykes, born Sept. 26, 1785; married Jan. 8, 1807.

Parthena Warner, born Jan. 22, 1784; died Jan. 11, 1820, at Strykersville.

Their Children

Eveline Sykes, born July 30, 1808; married Charles Reed, Sept. 16, 1827.

Prudence M. Sykes, born Jan. 18, 1811; married Darius Smith, July 9, 1835.

Chloe R. Sykes, born May 11, 1813; married Martin Stryker, Oct. 25, 1835.

Julius Austin Sykes, born April 28, 1815; married Lucina Needham, May 1, 1839.



JULIUS SYKES

Jared Francis Sykes, born Jan. 14, 1817; married Elitha E. Hughes, July 14, 1844.

Julius Sykes married the second time Sarah Kelsey, April 2, 1820; married third time Thankful Hubbard, Feb. 18, 1825.

Sarah K. Sykes, born Feb. 20, 1826; married John Spoonser, June 16, 1858.

Sarah Sykes, second wife of Julius, died Jan. 24, 1825, aged 40 years. Thankful Sykes, third wife, died July 17, 1864, aged 79 years.

An infant son died Feb. 18, 1821, aged 1 month and 4 days.

An infant son died May 30, 1827.

Milton H. Sykes died Nov. 27, aged 8 years.

Betsey P. Sykes died May 15, 1836, aged 14 years.

Eveline Sykes, born July 30, 1808; married Sept. 18, 1827, Charles Reed, born April 5, 1802.

Their Children

Katherine Reed, born June 24, 1828.

Charles Harvey, born Oct. 27, 1835.

Lucina Reed, born September 9, 1838.

Warren M. Reed, born April 23, 1841.

Katherine Reed married Hiram Cobleigh.

Their Children

Charles Cobleigh, born about 1853, died August, 1914; was never married.

Sarah Cobleigh married Charles Richardson; is living at Strykersville. One other daughter married; living in Wales, N. Y.

Of Charles Harvey we have no record.

Lucina Reed married Nov. 11, 1865, James H. Potter.

Their Children

Elizabeth, born August 2, 1866; married —. Seyse. She is now a widow; has one son married. He was for two or three years employed on the Panama Canal.

James Reed Potter, born June 18, 1873, is married and

lives on the old Reed farm ; has four boys, the oldest about twelve years.

Warren M. Reed, married Alice Plant ; both died about 1873, leaving one daughter, who is married and has one daughter. (Was unable to get a more accurate record of this family in time for publication.)

All of the Reed family are dead except Lucina Potter.

Martin Stryker, born March 30, 1810, died Aug. 25, 1889 ; married Oct. 25, 1835, Chloe R. Sykes, born May 11 1813 ; she died Oct. 26, 1897.

Frank Stryker, born 1838 ; married Marcella Sherman.

Their Children

A son, Frank Russel, married Margret Sherman, and died 1909, leaving one son, Louis Stryker.

A daughter, Chloe, married Louis Hammond.

Their Children

Frank Stryker, Senior, is living at Perry, N. Y.

Garret Stryker, born Dec. 12, 1841 ; died Nov. 10, 1914.

He married Eleanor Mason, born March 30, 1842 ; died Oct. 27, 1892.

Their Children

Everett Austin Stryker, born Jan. 4, 1865 ; married Amy Smith, April 26, 1887.

Martin Louis Stryker, born April 19, 1868 ; married Susie Austin, May 31, 1888.

Alice Carrie Stryker, born Sept. 22, 1877 ; married Henry R. Lee, August 22, 1894 ; now living at Castile, N. Y.

Norman Eaton Stryker, born March 27, 1879 ; married Mary Ella Rogers, June 19, 1901 ; have no children. Is living at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Children of Everett Austin Stryker

Ansel Garret Stryker, born June 4, 1888 ; married Martha Rarrick, Feb. 10, 1915.

Charles Everett Stryker, born April 10, 1890 ; died Sept. 6, 1896.

Nelson Stryker, born June 4, 1892; died Aug. 20, 1892.

Children of Martin Louis Stryker

Chester James Stryker, born March 30, 1890; married
Dorothea A. Broome, August 17, 1910.

Charles Garret Stryker, born Dec. 23, 1910.

Children of Alice Stryker Lee

Marian Eleanor Lee, born July 15, 1895; married March
10, 1914, Forrest Holmes.

Clifford Raymond Lee, born Oct. 8, 1899.

Mildred Jessie Lee, born March 24, 1902.

Harry Henry Lee, born July 31, 1908.

Have no record of Austin Sykes' family. None are living.

FAMILY RECORD OF JARED FRANCIS SYKES

Jared Francis Sykes, born Jan. 14, 1817; married July
14, 1844, Elitha Eltha Hughes, born at Camillus,
N. Y., Dec. 21, 1826. He died at Bellevue, Mich.,
May 31, 1896. She died at same place, Dec. 9, 1908.

Their Children (All Born at Bellevue)

Clara Aurelia, born Oct. 19, 1846; died May 6, 1850.

Julius Henry, born Aug. 7, 1848; died Oct. 19, 1849.

A daughter, born Nov. 6, 1852; died day of birth.

Henrietta Hughes, born Oct. 10, 1854; died May 18, 1876.

Vera, born July 17, 1856; died Feb. 17, 1875.

Jared Hughes, born May 28, 1864.

Parthenia, born Dec. 17, 1875.

Jared Hughes Sykes married at Bellevue, Mich., Nov. 15,
1887, Lora Wood Miller, born at Castile, N. Y., Feb.
6, 1868.

Their Children

Harold Hughes Sykes, born Aug. 20, 1881, at Litchfield,
Mich.

Vernoa Miller Sykes, born March 3, 1892, at Bellevue,
Mich.

Harold Hughes Sykes married at Lansing, Mich., Sept. 24, 1910. Carrie Newton, born Nov. 23, 1888, at Hicksonville, Ohio. They have one child, Darwin Hughes Sykes, born May 29, 1913, at Bellevue, Mich.

Parthenia Sykes married at Ann Arbor, Mich., June 21, 1900, Charles Willis Johnson, born Sept. 23, 1875, at Concord, Ind.

Their Children

Lois Kathaleen, born May 6, 1902, at Iowa City, Iowa.
 Eloise Ruth, born June 16, 1907, at Seattle, Wash.
 Francis, born May 17, 1912, at Seattle.
 Charles W. Johnson, Ph. C., Ph. D., Dean state chemist
 University of Washington, College of Pharmacy.

FAMILY RECORD OF HYMAN WARNER

Hyman Warner, born at Rutland, Vt., Sept. 13, 1796; died at Wales, N. Y., March 23, 1851; married in Vermont, April 2, 1818, Sarah H. Richards, born in Woodstock, March 4, 1797; died at Wales, Nov. 30, 1851.

Their Children

Augustus R. Warner, born Dec. 19, 1819, at Rutland, Vt.; died in Wales, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1852.

Francis Warner, born at Rutland, Vt., April 21, 1821; died at North Java, N. Y., March 10, 1906.

Betsy Maria, born Jan. 17, 1823; died April, 30, 1855.

Banajah M., born Aug. 8, 1824; still living, November, 1915.

Pernelia P., born June 5, 1826; died April 12, 1896, at Gibbon, Neb.

Mary R., born Feb. 25, 1828; still living at Gibbon, Neb., November, 1915.

Ephriam, died at age of one year, March 31, 1832.

Erastus H., born March 20, 1833; living at Waterville, Maine, November, 1915.

Marcellus and Marcella, twins, born Feb. 12, 1835. Marcellus was killed at the siege of Vicksburg, May 16,

1863; was not married. Marcella married Warren Emerick at Clinton Junction, Wis., June, 1859, and died at Sumner, Ill., Jan. 14, 1875.

Harvey H., born Aug. 5, 1837; died April 7, 1838.

Harriet P., born Feb. 8, 1839; died March 8, 1851.

Amelia P., born July 8, 1841; married to Berna Weber, June 1, 1864; died at Springville, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1885.

All except those noted born and died at Wales, N. Y. Augustus Warner married Electa Cadugan in 1843. She died in Buffalo, April 2, 1902.

Francis Warner married Mary Elizabeth Wightman, born in Wales, July 17, 1833; died at North Java, Nov. 5, 1897.

Their Children

Gordon L., born about 1853, at Wales; is living and married; could not find him.

Allen R. Warner, born July 15, 1867; married Emma J. Fauldin, Dec. 25, 1888; has one son, Maynard Claire-born, at North Java, May 23, 1901.

Betsy Maria Warner, married, in 1845, Barney Cadugan. She died April 30, 1855. She left one daughter, Elsie, who married Elgene Read. She is dead.

Banajah M. Warner, born Aug. 8, 1824; married April 17, 1848, Alma Hipp, born Jan. 8, 1826, at Penfield, N. Y.; she died March 28, 1909.

Their Children

Hyman S., born April 12, 1855; is married; have no record of children.

Harriet, born November, 1856; married Frank Martin.

Effie, born January, 1867; married Joseph Watson, born November, 1868. Mr. Watson died March 10, 1914.

Their Children

Mabel Watson, born October, 1902.

Warner Joseph, born October, 1905.

B. M. Warner started in business of harness making at Strykersville soon after his marriage and was actively engaged till after he was eighty-five years old. He

was an honest man. He had purchased a farm across the creek from Strykersville. It was a beautiful place for a village cemetery and later, when it was desired for that purpose, he sold it to the community for the price he had paid for it, declining to make any profit on the transaction.

Permelia Warner married, Sept. 6, 1848, John Ring. He died at Java, N. Y., Jan. 13, 1912. They left two sons and one daughter, but I have not their record. A grandson married Mary Potter, daughter of Fred Potter. They live at Oakland, N. Y., and have a little daughter about two years old.

Erastus H. Warner married at Omaha, Neb., Dec. 3, 1863, Frances Seymour. Two children were born, but both died in infancy, and Frances, the wife, died Oct. 24, 1868. He married the second time, Ella N. Barney, Sept. 7, 1870, at Omaha.

Their Children

Ralph W., born in Omaha, June 10, 1871; now living in St. Louis.

Grace Lucy, born in St. Louis, Oct. 25, 1875, and died there Jan. 1, 1889.

Walter T., born in St. Louis, July 9, 1885.

Ralph married, Oct. 17, 1899, Agnes Cecil Deane, and has two children—Florence C., born August 24, 1901, and Ralph W., born Feb. 2, 1909.

Walter married, Nov. 27, 1907, Edna Crawford Mulhall, and has one son, Barney C., born Nov. 17, 1909. All are living in St. Louis.

Erastus Warner went to the far West in 1858. He built the first house where the city of Denver now stands. He was engaged in the freighting business before the railroad penetrated there. Afterwards he engaged in the lumber business in Omaha, and in 1874 entered into the same business in St. Louis, remaining there forty-one years, and retiring July 1, 1915. His son, Ralph, succeeded to the business. The Lumberman's

Exchange gave him a banquet and presented him with a gold-headed cane June 24. He was the oldest member of the Exchange.

FAMILY RECORD OF MARY WARNER COOK

Mary M. Warner, born Feb. 25, 1828; married, Nov. 23, 1853, at Chicago, Henry Cook, born March 4, 1824. Henry Cook was the son of Chloe Warner Fuller by her second husband, Samuel Cook. Henry Cook died at Gibbon, Neb., Feb. 20, 1892.

Their Children

Hattie B., born May 1, 1855, at Marengo, Ill.
Frank H., born Oct. 5, 1856, at Sycamore, Ill.
Daisie H., born March 30, 1858, at Clinton, Wis.; died June 8, 1873, at Clinton.
George F., born April 12, 1860, at Clinton, Wis.; died July 27, at Tacoma, Wash.
Irva, born Jan. 7, 1862, at Clinton, Wis.; died May 27, 1862.
Fred S., born March 12, 1865, at Clinton, Wis.; died at Bloomfield, Neb. Jan. 7, 1902.
Ray R., born April 7, 1868, at Clinton, Wis.
Atto B., born April 17, 1870, at Clinton, Wis.
May E., born Jan. 1, 1873, at Clinton, Wis.
Frank H. Cook, married Aug. 25, 1887, at Columbus, Neb., Roena J. Powell, born at Madsonville, Pa., July 16, 1863.

Their Children

Esten H. Cook, born May 26, 1893, at Shelton, Neb.
George F. Cook, married at Winterset, Iowa, Sept. 23, 1896, to Emma Piper, born at Mt. Pleasant.

Their Children

Ralph D. Cook, born Aug. 21, 1900.
Jay P. Cook, born July 25, 1903.
Fred S. Cook married at Spirngview, Neb., Feb. 5, 1888, to Laura Evens of Pennsylvania.



ELIAS CLIFT

Their Children

Edith I. Cook, born Nov. 27, 1888.

Iryl M. Cook, born Feb. 26, 1890.

Ethel B. Cook, born Feb. 11, 1892.

Goldia Cook, born April 17, 1893.

Imo M. Cook, born April 17, 1893.

Atto B. Cook married, Nov. 24, 1910, at Denver, Colo.,

Emilie M. Friederich, born at Masconna, Ill.

FAMILY RECORD OF ELIAS CLIFT

Elias Clift, born March 10, 1792; died Feb. 13, 1870;

married, Aug. 11, 1820, Betsy Hollister Warner, born

March 31, 1802; died Oct. 1, 1870.

Their Children

Mary Clift, born March 21, 1821.

Laal Clift, born Feb. 13, 1823; married Phoebe Potter,
daughter of Winsor Potter.

Jay Clift, born Jan. 31, 1825; married Clarinda Potter,
daughter of Winsor Potter.

Wm. H. Clift, born April 18, 1827.

Martha Clift, born Oct. 28, 1830; married Dudley Eddy,
son of Philo Eddy.

Ann J. Clift, born May 6, 1836; married Dr. Hale of Syracuse.

B. Parthenia Clift, born March 4, 1845; married George
Thomas.

Mary Clift married, June 14, 1842, Alfred L. Stryker,
born July 25, 1817.

Their Children

Lucy J., born July 25, 1843; married J. M. McWharf; living
at Ottawa, Kansas.

George, born Feb. 3, 1845; is dead; widow living.

Thirza Jane, born Nov. 28, 1846; died, leaving one daughter.

Ozri, born Feb. 13, 1849.

Twin girls, born and died July 1, 1850.



BETSY HOLLISTER WARNER CLIFT

Alfred Bennet, born May 17, 1852; married; is living near Eureka Springs, Ark.

William, born March 24, 1857; living in Tulsa, Okla.

Mary Lilian, born Oct. 3, 1859; married; living in Berkeley, Cal.

Carlos G., born May 14, 1862.

Elva, born Dec. 1, 1863.

M. J. and Lucy McWharf, had two sons; both are dead.

George Stryker, had seven children, but have no record of them.

Bennet Stryker has seven children, and eighteen or twenty grandchildren, but have no other knowledge of them.

William Stryker is owner and editor of the *Tulsa Daily Democrat*; has a married daughter living in California, and a young son at home.

FAMILY RECORD OF LAAL CLIFT

Laal Clift, born Feb. 13, 1823, in Vermont; married, July 28, 1844. Phoebe Potter, born Feb. 15, 1824, in New York.

Their Children

Winsor Potter Clift, born Oct. 28, 1845, in New York.

Susan A. Clift, born Oct. 9, 1847, in New York.

Ellen A. Clift, born Aug. 12, 1849, in New York.

Newton J. Clift, born June 7, 1851, in Illinois.

Irvin L. Clift, born July 6, 1852, in Illinois.

Darwin D. Clift, born April 11, 1854, in Illinois.

Edmund H. Clift, born Nov. 24, 1856, in Wisconsin.

Ida A. Clift, born July 23, 1859, in Wisconsin.

Eva A. Clift, born May 27, 1861, in Wisconsin.

Charles H. Clift, born May 21, 1863, in Wisconsin.

Hattie J. Clift, born Oct. 3, 1865, in Wisconsin.

Claron E. Clift, born May 28, 1873, in Wisconsin.

Newton Jay Clift, died July 17, 1851.

Edmond H. Clift died Aug. 23, 1861.

All the others are now living in Wisconsin.

FAMILY RECORD OF ALLEN STEVENSON

Allen Stevenson, born Dec. 15, 1796; married, Jan. 9, 1825, Marian Warner, daughter of Omri Warner, born Nov. 30, 1806.

Their Children

Horatio N. Stevenson, born Nov. 8, 1825; died Aug. 23, 1884. He married Mary Hudson, Jan. 5, 1852; she is still living, October, 1915.

Their Children

Julia N. Stevenson, born Nov. 5, 1852; married Thomas Sheely. One daughter, Esther, born to them died aged 9, in 1879. Julia died Dec. 3, 1906.

Emily Stevenson, born Dec. 2, 1853; married Frank Layford, Sept. 22, 1872. Two sons were born to them, William and Charles J.

Phoebe M. Stevenson, born May 19, 1856; died in infancy.

Eliza Caroline Stevenson, born Nov. 17, 1857; married Frank Lebre. Living at Cheboygan; no children.

Alice O. Stevenson, born May 25, 1861; died when young.

Walter Stevenson, born June 2, 1862; married; living at Maxton, Mich.; no record.

Andrew Stevenson, born Jan. 22, 1827; married Elvira Bailey, 1851. Two sons were born—William Stevenson, now living in Kansas, and Charles J., died at Yorkshire, May 23, 1901, aged 41 years. Elvira died in 1874.

Andrew married again in 1876 Augusta Chittenden. Two children were born—Howard, died in infancy, and Myrtle A., now living at Yorkshire, N. Y.; married Ray Allen; has one son, Howard A.

William, son by first wife, has two sons.

Charles J., married Hattie Brown; had no children.

Andrew Stevenson died in November, 1902.

Chancy Stevenson, born April 4, 1831; married Lucy Williams, 1866.

Their Children

Henry A., born June 10, 1867; died Sept. 5, 1879.

Esther, born Dec. 8, 1868; living at Calumet, Mich.; married Harry Scott, July 5, 1852.

Marrian L., born Nov. 12, 1870; now living with her Uncle Harvey, at Aurora, N. Y.

William E., born July 23, 1872; living.

Helen, born April 23, 1874; living.

Charles C., born Sept. 15, 1877; died, 1882.

Children of Harry and Esther Scott

Eva B. Scott, born July 22, 1893.

Joseph, born Oct. 8, 1895.

Helen Catherine, born Aug. 7, 1908.

Seymore Stevenson, born May 14, 1829; died same year.

Allen Stevenson, Jr., born Nov. 17, 1835; died June 4, 1856; not married.

Harvey J. Stevenson, born Feb. 2, 1842; married Caroline Pierce. She died Jan. 22, 1894; they had no children.



DR. C. C. WARNER

HISTORY OF C. C. WARNER

Dr. C. C. Warner, second son of Levi Warner, lived with his father in the town of Wales, working on the farm till the summer he was sixteen, when he went to work for his uncle, Elijah Smith, for \$8 a month during the summer and in the winter worked for his board and went to school. The next summer worked for him again for \$19 a month and again in winter went to school. The following spring his father moved to Springville, and the boy went with him, and that summer worked with his father on the farm, and in the fall went for six weeks to the Springville Academy to school, and the following winter taught school in the town of Sardinia for \$11 a month and boarded around with the families of his pupils. The next summer worked with his father again, going to school for six weeks and the winter teaching at Hamburg for \$12 a month and board around. Worked for his father the following summer and in winter taught school near Strykersville, N. Y., for \$13 a month. His father had all of his earnings till he was twenty-one. The summer after he was twenty-one he worked for his father for \$14 a month and the following winter taught the same school as the winter before for \$15 a month. While teaching this school he became acquainted with Lucinda Rogers, one of his pupils both winters, and became engaged to marry her, but first determined to find a home for her. The following spring he went to Dupage county, Illinois. He worked there during the summer and in the winter following taught school near there. The following spring he went to Wisconsin and rented a farm in company with his older brother, the owner of the farm furnishing the team and tools and taking half of the product for the rent.

They did very well and in the fall, or during the summer, he bought 40 acres and engaged the same farm for the following year, and then returned to New York and was married to Miss Rogers. He taught school for \$15 a month, and the next spring with his wife and father's family removed to Wisconsin. His wife was not well when they started and soon after they arrived at their new home she died. She was the first person interred in what is now known as the Bigfoot cemetery in Walworth county, Wisconsin. The ground was given by two big-hearted citizens. Till that time there had been no need for a cemetery. The names of the donors were Deacon Reeder and Mr. Poorman. The death of his wife upset all of his plans, and the desire to know what caused her death decided him to study medicine. He read with the doctor who attended her and attended lectures in Chicago and Willoughby college, Ohio, enduring much hardship and spending all he had saved and what he could earn meanwhile. He began practicing near Clinton, Wis., and was called to visit a little girl, now the wife of C. O. Warner, where he met her aunt, Polly Ann Irish, to whom he was married April 12, 1849.

He practiced his profession in Clinton till 1865 (once before trying to retire from it on account of ill-health), when he moved to Marietta, Ohio, and engaged in the oil business. He was also interested in a lock factory. His health failing, he went to California in October, 1872, and died at Oakland, April 8, 1873.

HISTORY OF MILO WARNER AND DESCENDANTS

I PROPOSE in these papers to write more particularly of Milo Warner and his descendants. About the 1st of February, 1814, he and his brother-in-law, Lemuel Paul, and their wives, started on their journey from Vermont, to make their homes in the wilderness of Western New York. The place where they settled was part of the Holland purchase, the County Genesee, the town China. The county was afterwards divided and the part they were in was named Wyoming and the town Sheldon. The town was afterwards divided so that they lived in Java. I have heard my grandfather say he had lived in two counties and three towns and had never moved. The little village of Java when I first remember it was most often called Pekin. I suppose it was so called when it was in China. Their journey was made with ox teams and sleds and they were twenty-eight days on the way. The distance can now be made in 10 or 12 hours by rail. They crossed the Genesee river on the ice where the city of Rochester now stands. At that time there was only one house there.

Grandfather brought with him a nephew named Omri Fuller, a son of his sister, Chloe, whose father was dead. He was about 9 years old, an odd boy and rather queer as a man. When he was of age, perhaps sooner, he left grandfather and went to work for other people. Occasionally he would come back for a short visit, so that I knew him. He never married. He seldom said anything about himself, or anything else. He lived till about 1878. Grandfather was ordered out as one of the militia in

September, 1814, and sent to Canada. From exposure he contracted rheumatism, which made him an invalid and cripple for two years.

While grandfather was unable to get about, this boy was sent to bring in the cows from the woods. About dark the cows came home, but the boy did not. Believing the boy had missed the way, grandfather blew the horn several times to attract him home, but he did not come. Neighbors three and four miles away heard the horn and came to find what was the matter. When they learned they were very anxious about the boy. They thought he would be running through the woods in fright. Grandfather told them that he would more likely crawl under a log and go to sleep. It began to rain and the neighbors started out with horns and lanterns to look for him and tramped through the woods all night and came back in the morning soaked with the rain, but did not find the boy. Shortly after daylight he came home dry. He had found the cows the night before, but could not make them go the way he thought was home. When he found he was lost and could not tell which way to go, he crawled into a hollow log. Asked if he was not afraid of wolves, he said: "Didn't see any; thought he heard some howl." It was believed that he heard the horns and thought it was wolves howling.

All of the country was covered with forest and nothing could be raised till the ground was cleared, which called for a great deal of labor. Cattle got their living in the woods eating the leaves and small shrubs. During the winter they fed upon the small limbs and buds from the trees which they were cutting down to clear the land. The first summer only a small piece was cleared too late to sow any seed but turnips, of which he had a fine crop. An older settler came with a bushel of buckwheat to exchange for some of the turnips. Grandfather told him to take

what he thought the wheat was worth. He loaded his cart so heavily that it broke down. It is evident that he did not observe the Golden Rule in that exchange.

Money was very scarce; about the only way to get any was from furs, but grandfather was no hunter or trapper. He leached lye from the ashes from the burned trees and boiled it down to potash, and hauled it to Albany. It took three or four weeks to make the trip and then the expenses left very little. As late as 1850 the remains of one of those leaches were still to be seen near the brook north of the house.

A very interesting description of the original log house was written by Uncle J. K. Warner for the Annual in 1854, but I have heard my father tell of some things that uncle did not describe. The back-log used in the fireplace was too large to be put in place by hand, so it was hauled into the house by oxen. The oxen were not driven into the house, but there was an opening opposite the door through which a chain was passed. The log was drawn close to the door then the oxen taken to the other side and so the log was drawn into the house and then rolled into the fireplace. Such a log might last a week. The fire was never allowed to go out, as it was difficult to start a fire with flint and steel, for there were no matches in those days. The coals and brands were covered with ashes to preserve the fire. Later, when they had neighbors nearer, if the fire accidentally went out it was common to go to the neighbor and get a brand.

Not long after the settlement a good-sized apple orchard was set out, some four or five acres. This was in good condition in 1850, and some of it was standing as late as 1880. Father says that cider for drinking was more thought of than fruit, but by the time it began to bear grandfather had come to the conclusion that drinking hard cider or any intoxicant was injurious. As the



MILO WARNER

trees were all natural fruit there was little of it that was good for eating, so they had it grafted. This was done by contract and the selection of fruit was poor. There were a great many Pound Sweetings and, from 1850 to 1855, I remember we would put a good many loads of them in the barn to feed the cows. When father moved to the farm in 1850, and years succeeding, he had much of it regrafted to more marketable kinds of fruit. There were Rhode Island Greenings, Spitzenbergs, Porters, Harvest Sweetings and Snows and some other varieties as good as any we have now, and better than any they have anywhere outside the region about Lake Erie.

Grandfather taught the first school in that section, teaching in the winter. How many seasons I do not know. He also organized Sunday-schools in three or four adjoining neighborhoods and for a time was superintendent of all of them. Of his nine children, all but one of them taught school. Father taught nine winters, and Aunt Cordelia taught from the time she was sixteen till she was forty-five, the last ten years in the Packer Institute in Brooklyn, N. Y.

About 1830 grandfather built a new house. Most of the timber for it was cut on the place, but some of it was got elsewhere. The weather-boarding was of cucumber, a species of magnolia, and I think none of that kind grew on the place, though I have seen some small trees there. The cornice for the front of the house together with the eave trough, all in one piece, was of that timber.

The main building of the house was about 18x40 feet, with the eaves fronting the road. It was divided in the middle by a hall about 3½ feet wide, from which stairs ascended to the upper rooms. There was a small hall at the top of the stairs, with a door at each side to the two upper rooms, a door from each side of the lower hall to the two rooms below. To the rear of the main building

there was a one-story lean-to about 12 feet wide. From the north end of this lean-to there was a small room, entered from the main north room, called the parlor bedroom; then a small closet; then a bed-room about 14 feet, with doors opening into both the north room and the south room, which latter was used as a dining room. Lastly there was in the lean-to a pantry about 10 feet; this brought it even with the main building. On the south end of the main building there was a wing, the east side of it even with the lean-to (the house faced the west), about 16 feet from east to west and about 18 feet from north to south. This was the kitchen and well room, the well being under the room near the east side. There was a door from the front and back of this room near the north end.

At the south end of the kitchen there was a large brick fireplace with a brick oven at the west side of it in which all of the baking used to be done; but after 1850 it was seldom used, as stoves had become common and were considered more convenient. The fireplace was used for 10 years more or longer for sugaring off the maple syrup.

Some time after the house was built a room about 10 by 16 feet was added to the south end of the kitchen for the use of Great-Grandfather Omri, and that was my room from '56 as long as I lived at home. In the north and south ends of the main building there was a chimney with fireplaces on the lower and upper floors. The one in the south end was taken out before my remembrance, but the one in the north end was not taken out till after my return from the war, but it was seldom used. Open fireplaces seem pleasant in the evenings when it is not very cold, but are not comfortable in real cold weather.

Just east of the north end of the house was a building about 20 feet square used as a milk and cheese room. This was clapboarded and plastered. There were shelves on the east and west sides and a double tier through the mid-

dle. At the south end of the wing there was a building about 16 by 40 feet running east, one and a half-story. The lower part was open on the south side and used for storing the winter's wood fuel, the upper part for storage, stairs from the kitchen giving access.

Soon after the house was built a number of maple trees were set out in front of it. About 1870 these had become so large that they were cramped in growth and more than half of them were cut out. Father had one of them sawed into lumber and from it had some light stands made as souvenirs, one of which I still have.

The following papers written for the family Annual give something of the history of the family and something of the personality of the writers that I think will be interesting to the descendants:

THE FAMILY TREE

Written by Milo Warner for the Family Annual, 1854

ASSEMBLED as we are on an occasion that marks so signally the merciful Providence of our Heavenly Father towards us, our minds are almost instinctively led to look on our past history, and it is often profitable for us to call to mind bygone scenes, for how else can we feel our obligations of gratitude to the Giver of them all?

On this occasion I will endeavor to sketch some of the incidents connected with our family relation.

In February, 1814, myself with her who long since has gone to her rest, after committing the remains of our first-born to the grave to mingle with its native dust, bid as we then supposed a final adieu to country, home and kindred, near the Green Mountains of the then "new state," and set out for Genesee, the land of song, and following the breeched steeds, our oxen had breeching for their easier descent down the rugged hills, with lookers—and crookers, too.

After 28 days of storm and sunshine, cold and floods, we arrived on this spot which so many of us are now occupying. Our dwelling was a cabin of logs piled one upon another so as to form a hollow square and covered with the bark of trees. On the east side was an entrance; on the south a place for the fire; on each of the other sides were apertures through which the light of day found us. Here in this rude dwelling we built an altar which, shored up by the promises of God, stands to this day, and upon which morning and evening offerings have been made with very few interruptions, to Him who is the bestower

of every gift, and yet I fear, not always well pleasing in His sight, not being mixed with faith. The next thing was to convert the forest into fields. So we commenced our work and as the well-aimed blows laid prostrate the sturdy elms and maples, their crash together with the ever and anon booming cannon formed our music. Soon a place was prepared for the raising of vegetables. A few months of toil and the time came to test our love and loyalty to our country. All must be left a sacrifice to her welfare, and although but a short campaign it was long enough to make an invalid and cripple of your father for more than two years.

It was not the will of Him who determines all events that we should be alone. In July of the same year one was added to our number who is with us today.

One of the next things to be done was to look out and prepare a place to deposit the dead, which being done, one of the number who came in our little band was laid to rest where now sleep many of our kindred.

Then the roads, fruit trees and garden among the roots, and ere the first year was ended we began to partake of the fruit of our toil. March 7th was added another. About these days there was a church formed whose place of worship was nine miles distant. Soon it was found necessary to have a schoolhouse and some logs were thrown together as above described for our dwelling, which served us for a schoolhouse and sanctuary. Then though one and a half miles distant, every Sabbath we went up, sometimes leading one and carrying another, in the winter sometimes riding after the same steeds that bore us to this land.

Cares began to increase and economy and comfort to be studied. What should be done to make quiet and happy the little ones? We resorted to the woods as for our other furniture and found a tree that our Father had made

hollow for us. Taking a piece of suitable length, after cleaning and attaching some rockers and nailing some bark on the ends, was made a receptacle for the little ones in which half of them were rocked.

November, 1817, a third was added to the number. About this time a Sabbath school was formed which has continued till this time. Other schools were also commenced and maintained. In April, 1820, another son was added to our number January, 1822, another son; September, 1823, another son; May, 1825, another.

Ere this some of the dear ones we left behind had come to mingle in our society who now have gone to their rest. A grandmother, a father, brothers and sisters, nephews and neices have gone to meet us here no more. December, 1826, came another whose stay was destined to be short with us. He died in October following. February, 1829, we greeted another daughter; December, 1830, another son, and in 1833 one more daughter, making the whole number twelve. Each year, though full of trial and care, our hearts were linked closer and closer to each other. But as an inevitable consequence the destroyer came amongst us. December, 1841, our aged father, after making provision for the support of a widow, gave his little remaining all, \$500, to the cause of Christ, and went in peace to his rest. January, 1843, a dear and well-beloved son, the hope of his parents, the promise of future usefulness, was in one short week laid low in death, and in July following a fond wife and mother went calmly to her rest, leaving dear friends to mourn her loss.

In June, 1837, one was added to us by affinity, now a sharer in our joys and sorrows. August, 1842, another, and January, 1845, another was added in the same way. In March, 1845, another came, and she to be a wife and mother in the place of one removed by death, to mingle in our circle, to counsel cheer and bless us. In April, 1852,

another came to swell the number and in June, 1854, one more, making with the second generation twenty-nine, and by the mercy of God permitted to meet and greet each other in this third annual gathering.

As we look back and recount the mercies of God to us as a family we may well say with another: "Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our lives." Our Father has put around us His kindnesses to shield us in the hour of danger and permitted us to enjoy each other's society. Together have we partaken of the bounties of His Providence in earlier days, the childish glee, the youthful sports and the riper social ties. We have gone in company to the house of God; we have together listened to the sound of the gospel and mingled in the Sabbath School; together drank from the wells of knowledge, first around your parents' knees, then in the common school room, and some of you in the more advanced halls of literature. We have gone out and returned to greet each other again. We have together toiled and together wept over dear departed ones. In earlier days you have by turns been borne in your father's arms to the sacred altar and there dedicated to God, and received the seal of that covenant which is a sign of the need of inward cleansing, and the most of you hope that for Jesus' sake your sins have been forgiven and that you have been adopted into the family of Christ. And together we have sat down at the table of the Lord to commemorate His dying love, and dearer than all we have together bowed around the mercy seat and united our voices and our hearts in humble confession of sin, and hearty thanks for His mercy. Our petitions have blended for blessings on ourselves, on absent ones, and the family of man at the Family Altar. We have together met in the social circle of prayer at the weekly meeting. These are but some faint outlines, mere sketches in the history

of God's merciful dealings with us to be filled up by our more deliberate reflections.

With these pleasant memories, comes there not some which fill us with shame? The surly look, the angry words, the exhibitions of selfishness too plainly testify that we have not always loved as we should. May God for Christ's sake forgive us all our wrongs to each other. And now when we have filled these outlines of God's goodness to us in our personal reflections, called to mind all the way that God has led us these forty years, and then add to this our obligations to God as our maker, our obligations arising from His own infinite excellence that makes Him worthy of our love, and then the crowning blessing by which all other blessings flow to us, the gift of His Son, and then say, Is not praise, everlasting praise and love supreme His due, who is God over all blessed forevermore?

We may reflect on the past, enjoy the present; but the future none can know. One thing we know, that it will not always be as now. We are not to presume that because our Father has permitted us all to meet in three successive annual gatherings that we shall enjoy another. Before another year has passed away some of us, yea, many of us, may follow our dear departed ones to our long home. We know by the declaration of the Word and by observation that we are passing away, and the places that now know us will soon know us no more forever. It is certainly important that we look at our relations and our obligations to each other and to God, and inquire, Are we making returns of love and obedience to God in any measure commensurate with His favors? Are we exerting that healthful influence over each other and those around us that we shall be willing to meet in the day of retribution?

Let us all henceforth so live that if we meet not here again we may all meet in that brighter, better world where partings shall be no more. One word in particular to one of our number who in addition to all the responsibilities with us of private life has voluntarily assumed the additional and crushing responsibility of an ambassador of Christ. While it is your privilege to lead about a wife and it is your duty to love and cherish her as other men do, and share in the joys arising from the relation and to fulfill the obligations binding on you by your marriage vows, yet you are to remember that the Master that you serve in the ministry has a prior claim on you. This covenant is made to be dissolved; the former never. The covenant you made when you gave yourself away to be His in life and death, and was renewed when you promised by the aid of his Spirit you would try to proclaim His gospel to dying men, to this you must adhere as you are to answer it in the great day, and while it would prove you recreant to your marriage vows to neglect the duties by which you are bound by the covenant, it would prove you recreant to the immortal interest of deathless souls to neglect to comply with the sacred obligations of your mission as a minister of Christ. How important, then, that you keep in mind the first covenant.

And you, dear daughter, who have consented to take the hand of one thus pledged, while it is your duty to love and cherish as a partner for life, will remember your first consecration, and by the second pledge, you have virtually taken upon you the responsibilities of a co-laborer in the work embraced in the commission from on high:

“Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord,” and to which he has responded “I go, sir.” You may do much to help in this good work. And let me here suggest some ways in which you may render important service. First, by

your carefully watching and faithfully reporting his failures and mistakes which may be noticed by the people of his charge to his detriment and loss of influence. Second, by your sympathies and prayers. Third, exerting a personal and positive influence that will blend with his in the furtherance of the gospel wherever God in His Providence may call you to labor. Your united work as watchman on the walls of Zion is one of no inferior magnitude, in the skirts of whose garments will be found the blood of souls, if unfaithful. You need constantly to seek the grave that can alone fit you for your labors.

And now may the great Shepherd of Israel under whose commission you serve guide you in your arduous work of feeding His flock, and gathering the outcasts into His fold, and may you be so faithful that you can finally say, Here are we and those thou hast given us.

This meeting is one of no ordinary interest to us, and the more so as perhaps it is the last one we shall enjoy.

The furrowed cheek, the dimmed eye, the failing faculties are the indications of the approaching dissolution of your father. Pestilence is abroad in the land, the bill of mortality for the coming year is filled in the counsels of the eternal mind. Some of our names may be there. Our next gathering may be around the great white throne when the books will be opened, and another book which is the book of life, and we shall be judged out of the books according to the things written in the books whether they be good or bad.

Very soon we are to be separated again to our several pursuits to mingle in other society, and as we know not but we may be called to try the surging billows of affliction or battle with temptation, how important that we commend our way to Him who is able to keep us from falling and present us faultless before the throne of His glory with exceeding joy. And may the blessing of

Israel's God be upon you all! That you may be prepared for your duties, conflicts, and trials here and summons beyond, has been, is and will be the prayer of your aged father.



J. K. WARNER, 1854

THE COT WHERE I WAS BORN

By J. K. Warner, 1854

THERE is no one of the original number of this family circle who is so young that his memory runneth not back to the old log house which stood a couple of rods to the east of what used to be the wood-house. But you may not all recollect it as it “uster was” in the primitive days before it was extensively enlarged on the east side, by the loss of its logs which disappeared by the means of a twofold destroyer, decay and vandalism. You all recollect it when it was tenanted by the work-bench, the grindstone and the warping bars, and when the chimney was used for a smoke-house. But some of you may not have known it in its glory. Let us then, for the refreshing of the memory of those who knew it, and for the information of those who knew it not, take a survey of every part.

It was an humble cottage in its exterior appearance. A few logs notched at the ends and laid up like a pen, constituted clapboards and walls. No vines swathed it, no trees embarrassed it, nothing obscured the view. The well and the ash-pen might be seen a little to the west. The cheese-house, the old cellar, and the smoke tub—which alternately served the purpose of a smoke-house and a goose nest (quite as useful as the tub of Diogenes)—stood a little to the northeast, near where the milk-house now stands. The old shop joined it on the south, on the east of which and adjacent lay the old log cheese press, and a little farther on stood the grindstone. You remember how the scythe and bush-hook looked hanging to the projecting logs of the northwest corner, and how sometimes the bumble bee made his nest in the hollow of one

log and filled it with his treasured sweets. I recollect, too (you may not), how somebody robbed the nest one day while I was at school and threw the emptied comb on the ground close behind the corner, and I have some stinging recollections of how I felt as I came running home with my bare feet, and hid behind the corner to elude the pursuit of one who is with us today, though we see him not.

Now let us enter and gaze upon its hidden treasures. Of course we will enter at the door—not the front door, for it has none. You all remember that door, made of two or two and a half hemlock boards in the rough, fastened with cleats nailed on the inside. You recollect the great hole in the center through which you used to peep as you returned from school, to see if Ma had any visitors and whether you might enter with your accustomed noise and frolic, just as you did when there was nobody but “our folks.” You have wondered many and many a time what that great hole was left for, and perhaps sometimes you imagined it was left for a place for Santa Claus to enter on Christmas or New Year’s eve. But this was hardly satisfactory when you remembered how seldom he came, and what ample room the chimney afforded for such an entrance. Though none of you can recollect when that hole was made, you sat still and held your breath and thought of war and bloodshed, as your father related its history, when he told you it was made by the discharge of a gun, fired for the purpose of wakening a lone corporal on the morning of “training day.”

You recollect the latch, too? that wooden latch that was pulled up by a string running through a gimlet hole a few inches above, just as in the days of Abraham, and how when you stayed at home from meeting on Sunday “to take care of the children,” and your imagination began to creat robbers and savage Indians and mad dogs, you pulled in the string that you might feel a little safer,

just as they did in the time of Jacob, and still do in that land of patriarchs and simplicity.

You remember, too, the cathole in the corner with its door swinging on leather hinges which old Tom understood so well how to open. You hear, too, the door crying for grease as it swung on its great wooden hinges. You may not recollect what became of that door when it ceased to guard the entrance to the cot where you were born, but I remember well what offices of charity and usefulness it performed, now serving as a cover for a gosling pen, and then with the company of the old cellar door shielding a cart-load of potatoes on a rainy night, and having thus served their day and generation they disappeared amid crackling flames under a kettle of soap.

Oh! that I could separate their ashes from those that are common! They should be safely preserved in an urn and their good deeds inscribed in fadeless characters. But even their ashes are scattered to the winds, yet the doors with their knot-holes and shot-holes and cat-holes and brood cracks and chilly remembrances still swing in the memories of those that knew them.

And the logs of which that cot was made, they were not even "rough hewed," except a few in the southwest corner where the shelves were. That corner was very parlor-like. Some of the logs were hewed and a sheet served as papering, and as a covering above to screen the chinaware from dust that sifted down through the great cracks above. That chinaware! you recollect? the old brown bowls and iron spoons and tin basins with which you ate pudding and milk, and the pewter plates and the "big pewter plate" which always held the mush at night and the pot victuals at noon and the cold victuals the next day. How good the great red potatoes were! your mother's favorite potatoes whenever we had pot victuals for dinner. Ah, what a degeneration in potatoes since

that day! You remember the bruise on that plate? which it received in some remote period of antiquity whose dim and shadowy mystery you cannot penetrate. Doubtless that incurable bruise was received in some "grand potato wah."

The old looking-glass that was always old, though occupying a conspicuous place on the parlor side of the house, always had a leaning to the other side. You recollect it just between the window and the bed, perched high up on a log supported at the bottom on two nails and fastened at the top to a third nail by a long string which gave it an inclination forwards at an angle of 45 degrees, thus serving the double purpose of giving the shortest as well as the tallest an opportunity of seeing his phiz and also furnished a convenient place for knitting work, combs, patches and the like. The poor old thing is still in existence. Poor thing! it has seen hard times. O give me one more image of childhood days, thou faithful mirror of the past! Thou art indeed a fit emblem of memory. Thou revealest in shadowy form the face I used to wear, and memory images sometimes faintly, sometimes clearly, the deeds I used to perform and the sights I used to see.

You recollect, too, Ma's bed in the northwest corner and the trundle bed under it, where you and I slept, where we all slept, but not more than three or four at a time. And the row of chests which extended along the whole north end to the east side. Pa's old blue chest, Ma's little red chest and the little hair trunk. Never was there a better set of stairs for little ones to mount to bed, with never a better place for learning bravery. You mounted first the smallest and cast yourself down thence, and then you went a little higher, till finally you could fearlessly leap from the highest chest.

You recollect, too, something of the contents of those chests? Ma's big chest contained the wardrobe of the whole family, and sundry articles of provisions besides in the shape of dried apples, berries and currants. You recollect, too, when apples were all gone even the old "wasp nests" (those you know used to keep the longest) those apples that were laid away in some place and were messed out occasionally; when you used to eat Ma's thick parings and lay aside your apple for some future occasion. You remember, I say, how, when you stayed at home with the children, you laid into those dried apples in the big chest, and by and by you grew sick and had to drink soot tea, or your guilty stomach showed your mischief by casting up its pilfered contents.

And that blue chest with its till and its drawer where Pa kept his razor and the missionary money, how natural it looks! It is not quite so blue as it was, but I believe it still exists. And Ma's little red chest, you all see it. How many times I have sat upon it and thought of the dear mother when I was far away. But it is gone, the devouring flames consumed it in a distant seat of learning, but I see it yet. She, too, is gone, but not lost. Her sainted spirit is free from care, and perhaps is looking down upon us today from the high eminence of Heaven. You recollect that omnium gatherum of a chamber with its row of beds on each side—the spare bed, the boys' bed, the girls' bed and the low beds.

You too see the corn and the butternuts. There was never such a place for drying corn and butternuts, and never did you have any good samp and milk, or good nuts after the old house was abandoned. What great bunches of yarn and "arbs" were pendant from the rafters! The vinegar barrel, too, at the top of the ladder, for the way into that chamber was not up a winding stair, but up a short ladder. What a nice place for the vinegar

barrel, just where you could reach the top from the fourth round, and how well the vinegar made up there; never have you seen so good elsewhere. And what a fine place that ladder with its smooth rounds for your first lessons in gymnastics. Don't you recollect how you went up the ladder on the under side, and on the top side and in many ways, and how you came down sometimes forward and sometimes backward, sometimes feet first and sometimes head first?

And that great fireplace with no jambs and large enough for a back-log and a fore-stick with brands between, and the cold corner by the shop-door where the oldest sat, and the warm corner where I sat on the dye tub, and the large smooth hearth-stone with a little cavity, the best place in the world for cracking butternuts, and the other hearth-stone with the deep cavity whence puss used to lap her milk. Poor puss! you never found such times in the new house, no cat-hole for your convenience and no hollowed stone to eat out of.

You know how the stick chimney looked with its great trammel pole high above the blaze with its big hooks and its little hooks supporting one above another, pot, dish, kettle and tea kettle. You remember, too, the long tow string that was wound upon a nail and let down occasionally on Sunday morning and a great spare rib attached to it to spew and frizzle as you turned it all day long till they got home from meeting.

Then the poles overhead, how they groaned with the weight of drying pumpkins and apples. Then what a place for drying sausages just over the door. Haven't you lost your relish for sausages since that day? I have; not a good one have I seen since.

The old shop with the entrance at the foot of the ladder, though it went to decay before the house, still exists in your mind. You can see everything it contained,

the warping bars and the noisy quill wheel and the little wheel and the great wheel and the loom where your mother spun and wove the threads of your garments. Alas! the threads of her life have been spun and the lower end that bound her to life severed. She has spun all the threads she ever will for you, some of them worn out long ago, but others still last. She has spun threads and woven them into the threads of your heart, which I trust will by and by draw you up to her.

ADVERTISEMENT

Written for the Annual, 1856, by Cordelia

ALADY without youth or beauty, wealth or wit, having traveled for sometime, alone, the sorry journey of life, would like to find the man who was made for her husband. Now as it is well known that the true half of anything is that which will supply all the deficiencies of the other, as for instance, the proper half of the knife blade is the handle, of an umbrella staff, the cover, etc. It is apparent that this missing man must be young and handsome, tall and straight, wise and witty, rich and generous, amiable and accomplished, affectionate and good. Now, whoever shall discover this specimen of the genus homo, wandering around in search of his lost mate, and shall return him to the proper owner, shall be rewarded with a generous slice of wedding cake.

CORA.

So much for my lost mate. Now for my mateless self.

Left "Shadow Nook" September 8th, 1855, in company with father and mother, for Buffalo. Spent the night with sister Ettie and started the next day at 5 o'clock in company with Cousin Oscar Smith for New York via Erie railroad. Arrived safely the next morning, spent a fortnight at my old boarding place with Mrs. Thalheimer, 227 Washington street, Brooklyn, then removed with my brother, P. F., to No. 15 Nassau street, where I spent the remainder of the year up to July 3d, forming new acquaintances, learning new phases of human nature, eating, sleeping, working, reading, thinking; in the meanwhile teaching in the Packer Collegiate Institute as dur-

ing the four preceding years. Have enjoyed uninterrupted health, so that I have not lost an hour from my school duties. My class has been pleasant, my associations for the most part pleasant, my religious and literary privileges great; but from all these I turned with unfeigned delight to seek again the scenes of home and the companionship of brothers and sisters dearer than all other friends besides. We had a most suffocating ride, but arrived in safety at Jefferson at 5 o'clock and saw the beautiful Seneca lake spread out before us and our brother J. with horse and carriage awaiting our coming. We had a charming though silent ride up a long steep hill to the parsonage at Burdett, Brother J. being laid under the strictest injunctions to neither ask or answer any questions until we arrived at home. Here we spent more than a week very pleasantly, visiting glens, enjoying picnics, moonlight sails, etc. We then started for sister Frances', stopping a few hours at Elmira. Spent more than a week with Fannie in her retired but pleasant home, and then with her set out for home, which we reached in due time, visiting cousins at Gainesville and then sister Mary on the way. Spent the next week with her. Returned for the Sabbath, and on Tuesday with Fannie and Fisk, started for Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Spent two days very happily at the falls, boarding at the Clarendon, then three and a half days at Westfield in Mr. Skinner's family. From there came on the Lake Shore and the Erie railroad to Cattaraugus, where we were met by Philemon and Alla. Spent a few days pleasantly at Springville and thence home, where I have remained unto this present day.

SAVING SOULS

By P. M. Warner, 1854

THE great work of saving souls is, by direct ordination of the great Ruler, committed to two classes of individuals, viz., the shoemaker and the preacher. It is my design in this article to show wherein the work of these two classes of laborers are different, and where they are alike. The shoemaker works for the benefit of the soles of the feet, while the preacher labors hard to save the soul of the body. How different their calling! The one is groveling, almost debasing. The other is exalted high above all professions. While the one labors with his hands to shoe his customers with a preparation of the skins of beasts, the other uses his God-given energies to persuade his hearers to have their "feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace."

While the one sits upon the seat of repentance drawing the cords of affliction; the other occupies an exalted position on the walls of Zion proclaiming good tidings. "Ho! every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters, come and buy without money and without price." He describes to his hearers the frown of an angry God, or points the weary wanderer to bleeding Calvary, saying "this is the way, walk ye in it." He shows them the yawning pit whose Satanic majesty is ever feasting upon the "blood of souls" or points the returning prodigal to the open arms of the "Father of spirits," to the great "feast prepared for all the people," where there is "bread enough and to spare."

He draws down the thunderbolts of Heaven upon the head of the sinner, striking at the fountains of iniquity

in high places or low, warning men by all the terrors of the law to flee from "the wrath to come;" like Beecher, or like Chapin, transports his hearers to the third Heaven and regales them with the perfume of Paradisiacal roses, persuading men to love God because He first loved us.

If the preacher is exalted, his calling is indeed honorable; if he exalts himself by pandering to the caprice of his charge, he shall be abased. While the occupation of the shoemaker is low, stooping even to the making of soles or the repairing the understanding, yet he has this comforting assurance "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

The preacher and shoemaker are agreed in the one great idea of laboring faithfully and zealously in the great work of uniting souls with bodies in the fulfillment of the charge committed to Noah and his descendants. "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth."

How diversified are the walks of life! Scarcely any two alike. Hardly any two in the family following the same occupation for any considerable length of time. Here we have the farmer, the mechanic, the preacher and scholar, the housewife, the teacher and girl, each laboring faithfully and zealously in their respective occupations for the maintenance of themselves and the good of others.

In our religious opinions, too, we differ as widely though not as variously, each entitled by the rules of Scripture and the laws of the land to worship God as his conscience dictates.

But when we gather, a family united at the old homestead, let us leave our peculiarities at home. And if we cannot agree, may we at least agree to disagree, leaving out points of difference, remembering "how good and how pleasant it is for brothers, and sisters too, to dwell together in unity."

WHO WOULD LIVE IN A HOUSE WITHOUT A BABY?

Written for the Annual by Philetus Milo Warner, 1857

I WOULD, says the girl just blushing into womanhood. Plague take the little things, they are always in the way. I can't go out tonight because ma is sick and I have got to stay at home and take care of the baby. I wish there was never such a thing. Take care, miss, you are at least thinking of getting married yourself; if you don't make it the whole object of your life.

I would, says the boy just surging into society. Curse the little brats. Keep cool, young man, you were once a baby yourself. Don't molest the little creatures, they will soon be in the position you now occupy, and you may, in some calm and reflecting mood in the lapses of your wild career, sigh for the innocence of your babyhood.

I would, says the spinster of forty. They are the plague of my life. How you can fret and storm and scold as you gather up the folds of the last new silk when ma's little darlings come around with their muddy feet or their hands daubed with bread and butter and their faces covered with dirt and molasses claiming a kiss from auntie. What a tirade we can hear against babies in general, and sister's babies in particular. They are the ugliest and dirtiest babies in the world, I never saw such little torments.

I would, says the confirmed old bachelor. How he would put on wry faces when they come around and try to scrape acquaintance with him, and what a storm is raised in the house if one of them happens to convert his

cane into a horse. You will hear him sing out, "Make less noise, set that cane behind the door or I will break your head with it."

I would, says the married man or woman who has lived several years in a house with no other occupants but themselves and their servants, and no object on which to lavish their affections better than a horse or a dog. Such persons lead an aimless and useless life, with no higher object in view than outward show; to display their fine clothes and jewels in the concert room, theater or church, or perhaps to hoard up riches just because "money makes the mare go;" and when they die leave no monuments in the likeness of themselves to perpetuate their memories. The world has been no better for their having lived in it, and it is but just that they should sink into oblivion with none to mourn their loss, unless it be some aged parent shedding bitter tears over the worthlessness of their children.

As for me, I would sooner inhabit some lonely barren island in the frozen ocean than live in a house without a baby. It brings sunshine to every heart capable of receiving it. The fact is we own a baby, and as to that matter, several of them. But the baby is the thing in question. What fretting and scolding, what storms and tempests, we had to endure previous to its advent, is better imagined than described; but we bore it all with the serenity of a philosopher, knowing that after the storm cloud has passed over and spent its fury the sun breaks forth with redoubled splendor, spreading joy and gladness in our hearts.

Then what a baby it is, a complete piece of workmanship, appearing at first little more than a rough sketch of a frame, looking as much like a monkey as a man, with hardly strength to raise a feeble wail sufficient to raise an answering echo on the mother's heart strings, yet

drawing the attention of all in the house; yet as it increases in days, the little legs and arms begin to round up into beautiful proportions, the dimples appear on its hands and cheeks; then what joy beams in the mother's countenance, what pride swells the father's heart, as the little rough sketch assumes beautiful proportions and is daily growing into the image of its father.

Then what ecstasies of delight among the older babies as the first smile appears on its lips, and then how it increases when the little fellow can say "agoo" and laugh aloud. Then it is complete master of the house, a perfect little tyrant. But we all yield a willing obedience. If it laughs, we all look on with delight. If it cries with pain, all are willing to do what they can to appease its sufferings. If it cries with anger, the mother at least will find some palliating cause, and say it has got the bellyache.

I tell you, the house that owns a baby contains a happy family. They have something on which to lavish their affections; something to draw out the chords of love for other people's babies, and find something in them better than plagues and pests of society. The fact is, the man who owns a baby, or a large family of babies, although he lives in a shanty, and is obliged to labor hard from early dawn to dewy eve, and sometimes even into the ghostly hours to maintain them, is a happier man than him who lives in a splendid, well-furnished house, and rides in an elegant carriage with a childless wife; and he is richer, too. I would not swap the least of mine for all the wealth of any man who is too poor to own a baby.

CRISPIN.

HARD TIMES

Written for the Annual by Philetus M. Warner, 1860

HARD times has been emphatically our lot for the past year. We have not yet got over the effects of the frost. When we collected in the dues as far as we could for the year ending about the middle of January, and paid our debts as far as it would go, we were left with about a month's supply of beef and potatoes, a week's store of bread and butter and wood enough to last through the cold weather, and just about money enough to pay the postage on a letter which we wrote to Cordelia asking some assistance (not by way of alms, but to help us to help ourselves). She sent us a small sum just in the time of our need, for our last bread was gone and we knew not where to get any more without the money. From that time to the present we have received from her \$25 in small sums which have always come seemingly at the time of our greatest need. For all of which we are very grateful.

Our living since March has consisted of potatoes, bread and butter and milk; no meat or fruit till this year's growth, no sauce except what we could extract from the children. Yet health, peace and contentment have usually been our guest all the year round, for we have learned that "better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." We managed pretty well to keep the children in boots and shoes until the old ones were worn out; since then it has been doubtful. As to clothing, by continual darning and patching we have been able to hide our nakedness. Dolly has had but one dress since last October and that was a nine-cent calico I

bought for her last week; but in consequence of this necessity of continual mending, she has not yet had time to make it up. Helen worked out and got her two calico dresses in January last and I got her one lawn one about the first of July, which she has given to Olivia that she might make a dress to appear here today, as she has had but one shilling calico dress since last fall. Eva has had no new clothes this year. Adnah has had no clothes only as the result of his labors building fires for the school last winter, and has divided that with the baby. Wendall has worn his old clothing all the season. As for myself, I have had one pair of shoes made of unsalable leather scraps. We have contracted about thirty dollars new debt, including the twenty-five from Cordelia. Although we have but little custom work to do and less pay for that, still we have labored hard to pay off old scores when permitted to do so, and have in a measure succeeded, at least to the amount of \$2.60, and have charged on account about \$50, making our earnings exceed our expenses by about \$2.75. But we are left in very straitened circumstances for the want of means to commence the fall trade with. A hundred dollars would send us on the way rejoicing. But as we have not got it we have only to go on our way hoping, trusting faithfully in that overruling Providence which thus far has brought us on our way, and has never yet put any greater burdens upon us, and we trust never will, than He gives us strength to bear. We have practically in the letter, and endeavored in the spirit, to follow out Christ's injunction to his disciples: "Take no thought of the morrow what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink or wherewithal ye shall be clothed." Yet, notwithstanding all our faith in the promise following it, the mind would sometimes be found endeavoring to peer into the darkness beyond enough to know from what source our breakfast was coming. And have often the past summer when the

last mouthful of provisions in the house was gone and not a shilling in our purse to buy more with, been reminded of the explanation given by Elder Smith when he was exhorting some young Christian to join the church, when they couldn't see the way clear. He said the way was like going up a winding staircase in the dark with a lantern. When he stepped on the first step where it was light and endeavored to look up through, it was all darkness beyond; yet he was sure there was a way through; and each step upward lighted the next one beyond; he kept stepping until he reached the room above. So the Christian should go forward and do known duty and the way would be made light as he advanced. So with us we have done what we could to make a living, acting on the principle, "God helps those who help themselves."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Written by P. M. Warner for the Annual, 1867

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Dolly and I were married. We stayed with the bride's father until the next spring. Then we went to housekeeping back up in the woods. My father gave me for a setting out, a hoe and a pig. The pig was like the Dutchman's, "old, if it was little." So we were fairly launched on the sea of matrimony. Our voyage has been diversified, squalls and calms about equally divided. We have had ups and downs like other folks, only ours have been most downs. The black clouds of adversity have hung threateningly over our horizon, but we always had faith to believe they had a silver lining, and here it comes, faith swallowed up in fruition. A real shower of genuine silver. May it last till we gather the sheaves of golden harvest. Then what is the next one.

CRISPIN.

TO THE SCATTERED TRIBES

By J. K. Warner

Janesville, Wisconsin, Aug. 20, 1860.

To the Remnants of the Scattered Tribes:

Dear Remnants—We have just learned that you propose to gather together your contiguous fragments, and that we are to write for your entertainment. We think this is a short notice for the production of that which is to be carefully laid away for the perusal of future generations.

We will, however, send our greetings. We think we see you gathered around the desolated and deserted hearth, your eyes a little dim in view of the desolation that has come over you. But you recollect that the prophet saith, “Weep not for him that goeth away, but weep rather for yourselves.” So say we, Weep not for us for we are in a land of plenty, but rather rejoice for yourselves, that you have so many less mouths to feed from your sterile acres, (O that we had some of your apples!) and so many the less times to go to Attica.

We know that our absence is painful to you, but the thoughts that we are doing well and have not hopelessly deserted the old fireside, but expect in due season to return again to the old house at home laden with peace and plenty, crowned (may it be so) with the rewards of usefulness, and last, but not least, “black but comely” with health; these thoughts, and the reflection that you are cured, will most assuredly reconcile you to our absence. I pray that you will rejoice that you see not our faces. When the sun and winds shall have beaten upon us for

two more years we will come and show you some of the genuine products of the land.

Speaking of Land, by the way, let us assure you that this is a goodly land, not exactly "a land flowing with milk and honey" nor whose "wine presses (we have a little in a jug home-produced) burst out with fatness," but a land abounding with wheat and corn. Surely God "hath filled us with the finest of the wheat." It is estimated that this county alone has this year produced two and one-half millions of bushels of wheat, and we think the estimate is too small rather than too large, and this you will remember is accomplished with very little expense as to the producing, but more as to the gathering.

We are among a kind and grateful people who seem to appreciate our services, and everything has moved as smoothly and harmoniously (we never have any trouble till the second year) as could be desired. "Surely the Lord is abundant in goodness." "Goodness and mercy have followed us all our ways." Yours,

THIRD ONE OF THE LOST TRIBES OF THE HOUSE OF MILO.

THE WEST

By J. K. Warner, 1862

THE West is a great country and will require a great long article to describe it. In many respects it differs very little from the East. Its inhabitants are not in the main barbarous, in the common acceptation of that word. They eat and sleep very much as other people do, using knives and forks and beds. They don't dress in skins unless that now and then we don a fur overcoat. They walk very much as other men do except in very muddy weather they commonly enlarge the base by a wider straddle. They read the newspapers quite as much as they do here. They ride to meeting and to town in covered carriages as often as they do in most parts of the East. They read the same Bible and sing the same tunes, but with more zest and rapidity; and wear the same style of hats, as rasping to all good taste as anything well can be.

The ladies wear the same style of dress, very short before and very long behind. The gentlemen wear pants quite as broad in the leg and coats quite as long in the skirts. In church the congregation stands in singing and sits or bows in prayer, just as they will do everywhere. In prayer and conference meetings the women talk and pray rather more than they do in the East. Ministers' wives do it frequently without censure, and often to the edification and always to the gratification of those present.

In church the men are commonly as wide-awake as the women, so that is a rare thing to see men or women asleep in meeting. The clergy as a general rule are quite as in-

telligent, quite as good speakers, quite as good theologians, more expeditious in the despatch of business in their business meetings, and more spiritual in their devotional meetings. Their conventions have become somewhat celebrated as models of combined business and devotional meetings; so that the delegates from the East have again and again expressed their hearty approval by saying they have never seen anything so desirable at the East.

Prairie chickens abound and domestic fowls swarm in every straw stack, and the Shanghais have the same setting propensities that they do everywhere; change of climate does not seem to change their inveterate disposition. Frogs seldom peep and snakes are rare; rats abound as they do everywhere where there is plenty to eat. A woodchuck or a squirrel I have never seen, but gophers abound. Potatoes rot less and are finer flavored. Crows are rare and prairie wolves have skedaddled. The dwelling houses are as a rule smaller and the hotels larger. The lightning grander in its displays and the thunder more terrific. Never have I heard God speak with such majesty or the thunder utter their voices so awfully elsewhere. The frosts have sharper teeth and the rays of the sun are more melting. The winds are fiercer and the rain seldom falls. It cometh out of the north or the south or the east or the west and hits you a slap before or behind, at right angles to your perpendicularity.

The West furnishes many brave soldiers and is thoroughly patriotic. Foote and Pope and Sigel and Fremont are her ideals; Halleck is no favorite and McClellan stock couldn't be disposed of in the market at any price. At no time since he nearly ruined the Illinois Central Railroad by his exceeding slowness, and was succeeded by the faster Banks, has he been a favorite in the West. For the good of the country they said nothing against him so

long as there was any hope that he would accomplish anything, but their keen business tact soon discovered that he was too slow to seize on the golden opportunities; and when a year ago he threatened to resign unless certain pro-slavery measures were adhered to as the policy of the nation, the West said: "Let him go. We are satisfied he will accomplish nothing."

The people of the West are eminently social. Visiting among neighbors is common, and farmers find time in midsummer to attend mite societies in the daytime. The roads are either extremely good or extremely bad. Horses are always fat and generally full of go. Springs are rare, but there is many a Jacobian well, if deepness constitutes such a well. The roadsides are lined and the dwellings surrounded with ornamental trees. Shrubs flourish and children are thicker than the forest trees. Many an Eastern Sarai has become a Western Sarah. Many an oriental Abraham has become an occidental Gideon. Western sunsets are more beautiful, Western moonlight more charming, Western skies clearer, and Western stars brighter, and Western damsels blacker than they are here. Money comes easier and goes quicker.

Extravagant language has been used in describing the West. I have never seen growing pumpkin vines running races with 2:40 horses. I have never seen beets so large that when excavated they left a cavity large enough to swallow a good-sized dwelling.

[Interrupted by pressure of domestic duties. Mary Anna, wife of the above, not responsible for the extravagancies or omissions of this contribution, "the above not having been brought up by hand."]

GREETING

By J. K. Warner, 1863

Jahocobus, Elder-elect by the church of Johnstown and Mary his wife to the house of Milo and all the tribes thereof, Greeting:

Mercies and blessings and children be multiplied unto you until your seed shall be as the stars of heaven or as the sands of the seashore in numbers. We regret that we are not able to be with you on this day of rejoicing and festivity. Yet we rejoice in the hope that we shall meet you around our Father's abode in Heaven.

May the days of our father be lengthened and full of peace to the end. May the shadows of evening now gathering around go back ten degrees on the dial of his life and fifteen years at least be added to that already long and busy and fruitful career, and may he visit all of his children annually.

May the son of Myron return safely from the war, and ever be the honor and pride of the tribes, that he has served his country so faithfully. May seven times fat kine come up out of his gulches, keep out of his meadows and browse upon his Canada thistles, and may no lean ones come to devour them. May his barns be multiplied and filled with plenty and his vat run over with new milk.

And Marah, may her bitterness be sweetened by the sure hope of greeting her dear ones in a world where there shall be no breaking up of families.

And Cordelia, so long the pride of the family, the loved, the useful, the indispensable and yet oft-shot-at old maid, may the remainder of her days be sweetened by love and sugar pellets.

And Philetus, may he never be seen at the bar while he sits on the Bench. May his mallet so appeal to the understanding of men that they shall never appeal to another bench, or a higher shoedictory. May his daughters be plump and his sons worthy of their ancestry.

Philemon, the Lord prosper thee in all thy getting and mayest thou lay aside a good store for the children of thy skin.

Frank, poor, sweet, witty Frank, may the olive plants flourish on the banks of the Avon till transplanted to a broad prairie or a big city where they shall grow mighty oaks that will stand the storms of life and furnish shelter for a hundred human kind.

And P. F., fellow-dominie, minister, preacher, priest, pastor, or what not, we congratulate you on having attained your majority and that you are now in a fair way "to keep the balance of the continent." May your wife be like the one described by Lemuel's mother, for "her husband also praiseth her."

And dear sad sister Orpha, love gushing out and overflowing on every side, and yet the great central object of thy affections suddenly removed beyond the reach of thine embrace. While we would not have thee forget or lose from thy memory anything thou hast so fondly cherished, may the days of thy mourning be ended and the sunlight of quiet happiness beam along thine earthly pathway.

Now to the two tribes who have not gone to Dan or Bethel to worship, but abide at our own houses. While we rejoice with you and think of you and are glad you are having a good time, we counsel you to learn wisdom from history. You know that which caused the everlasting separation of the ten tribes was not the putting over them a new king, not in their having separate interests,

but it was by the setting up of calves. We counsel you, therefore, to set up no calf in the midst of your festivities, then we shall hope that ere long the tribes shall all be again united.

FOUR YEARS

Written for the Annual, 1866, by J. K. Warner

THE “wheels of time have flown swiftly round,” and we are again after an absence of four years once more under the roof of the old home. What changes have those years wrought! How full of incidents! How fertile in history! Not a day has passed without its experiences of joy or sorrow. The Nation has since then brought to a successful and triumphant issue the greatest and most eventful war that was ever waged since the rebellion in heaven; and she has twice triumphed in the no less important conflicts in ballots, thus teaching the world that republican institutions are the very best institutions both for war and for peace.

These four years have been weary years of watching and waiting. The mother has watched for the return of her soldier boy and waited till she clasped him to her bosom or received certain intelligence that he hallowed a soldier's grave. There has been watching by the sick bed, weariness and pain on the couch of suffering, and bitter tears shed over the departure of loved ones. Changes have gone on here during these four years—changes like the breaking up of the earth's strata by volcanic action. Generations to the number of four have been strangely jumbled even as the granite and the porphyry and the lime and sandstone are jumbled by the dynamic forces of the earth. We here meet not only in the family but in the community the great-grandfather, the father and the child. Those who were children a few years ago have now grown-up children around them. How

to account for these changes we are at a loss except on the supposition that we belong to a past generation.

But while everywhere else great changes have taken place and great things experienced, probably nowhere have been greater changes or more touching experiences than those which are connected with the writer of this hasty note. Sickness, sorrow, suffering and bereavement have been our lot. Anxious watching at the bedside of loved ones. Straining of weeping eyes after them as they went down into the dark valley until we could hear the welcome voices on the other side and were sure they were safely over. Months of loneliness passed and then months of pain. And now we come again to mingle our tears with the bereaved and our sympathies with the suffering.

But we come not all. Mary and Matie sleep on the far hillside, or rather look down upon us to-day from their celestial home. But though Mary comes not, Lizzie comes in her stead, and we ask you to receive her into this loving circle. She has a great and true and loving heart. She took us up in our loneliness, cheered us in our sickness, took upon herself the task of training the little ones when Mary left, and whom she indicated should bring them to her at last, and in short performed the good Samaritan in every way. We come again after four years, *such* years of conflict and toil and suffering and sorrow, and rich experience to rest a little while, to mingle our tears and congratulations for a few days and then to depart hence.

SOUTHERN EXPERIENCES

*Written for the Annual, 1869, by J. K. Warner**

TWO years have passed away since we were permitted to gather at the old homestead with the throngs that gather at the yearly sacrifice. Since that time we have had a various experience, in the language of the African poet we have been

“Sometimes up and sometimes down
Sometimes level with the ground;
Sometimes we scrub, sometimes we scour
Sometimes we squeeze the lemon sour,
Sometimes we bake, sometimes we sweep,
Sometimes feel good, sometimes we ache,
Sometimes we burn, sometimes we shake.
Sometimes we have the belly ache.”

This last usually sandwiched between the chills and fever. Yet notwithstanding all these ups and downs, here we are with you once more large as life (and a little larger about the knee). During these twenty-four months our vision has been enlarged; we have seen a good deal; witnessed new phases of life and observed with considerable attention the much-vaunted civilization which has grown up alongside of our own. And we are frank to say that we have no hankering after it.

We have witnessed new and strange forms of vegetable life. We have seen the cotton blow and orange grow, and sweet potatoes big as any “down in Tennessee.” And yet we have come back as much in love with the dear old

*This was written after living two years in Jacksonville, Fla. Grass-covered lawns were scarce there at that time, also milk and cream. The allusion to the large knee, refers to that member swollen by rheumatism.

North as ever. The potatoes are mealier and the grass greener than ever. Speaking of grass, it reminds us that this is a subject which needs eulogizing on a little. It is so common a blessing in these parts I fear we do not sufficiently appreciate it. Why! it is like the air we breathe, so abundant we don't know when we breathe it. Now we have come to believe in grass, whether in the native state, in the shape of square yards and velvet sward, or worked up into cream. Whichever way you take it we believe it is good, and our belief has been strengthened by the sight and the taste. And we believe it stronger than any of the rest of you. There is another form of grass in which we believe, and there is some 50 hundred of it here today. "All flesh is grass." What a haymow! Some of it is rather ripe, but the most of it good, fresh, tender grass. But the subject reminds us that we must be brief. Grass soon passes away. And so we must close this little sheet.

We have come and gone many times. We shall go again soon, perhaps to come back, perhaps not. This subject of grass, or these meetings and partings, or perhaps, more than all the growing years and coming infirmities, have somehow tinged us with melancholy. We begin to cast glances over to the other side, and though everything is dear here, yet the thoughts will more frequently come into the mind that we are approaching the shore.

RECOLLECTIONS

Written for the Annual by J. K. Warner

Burdette, N. Y., August, 1880.

DEAR Brothers and Sisters: Not being able to meet you on this sad, joyous occasion, we send you our sympathy and greeting. Though it would give us great pleasure to meet you at the old homestead, yet for me it would be hard to wander through the rooms of the old house and over the old ravines, and groves and orchards, without seeing Celestia. One of the chief attractions would be gone. To me she was especially dear. From the days of her babyhood, when I used to dance about the house with the laughing child on my head, to the day of her death, I have not ceased to love her. The promise of childhood was more than realized in the development of her womanhood. The patient, loving mother, the generous hospitality, the self-denying spirit which exhibited the true crown of Christianity in seeking the good of others before her own. The remarkable intelligence, considering her opportunities, respecting the affairs of the nation and the world, and current literature of the age, and above all her deep Christian piety—piety of that type which does not confine itself to cloisters or her own closet, but which appeared in the open battlefield of life, giving food to the hungry and drink to the thirsty and a cup of cold water everywhere in the name of Christ; nay, giving her own self on the altar of Christ for the good of others. These are the things so conspicuous in her character which endeared her to me, and to all who knew her, with an attachment so strong, that did we not know that God is wiser than we, we could not submit to the blow.

If we knew nothing more of the future than the specu-

lations and uncertain guesses of the pagan world, and sorrowed on the death of our friends as those who have no hope, life would not be worth the living when such sad havoc is made of our household circles. But when we know as surely as the apostle knew that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved he had a building of God, a house not made with hands—that when our friends are hence, we have treasure laid up in Heaven, “then dying hope revives again” and we look forward as expectants.

Carson, too, I should miss should I return to the old familiar places where I have so often met him. Many a pleasant chat have I had with him and was constantly filled with surprise at the exhibition of his good sense and intelligence. He picked up a great deal of information respecting the affairs of the world. He seemed to have accurate information respecting the soil, climate, productions and industries of every State in the Union. He gathered up a vast amount of political information and was intimately acquainted with the sayings and doings and speeches of the leading men of the country. Nor was he ignorant of the great truths of Christianity. He showed a familiarity with the Bible and interpreted its words with that broad common sense which is often wanting to learned experts. And though he made no show of religion in the way of parade and empty demonstrations, I have always been persuaded that spiritual things were spiritually discovered by him. Though his mind was clouded in the last years of his life so that he “saw through a glass darkly,” I believe he now sees face to face.

Kitty’s little boy, Ally, I knew but little of, only as a rugged child. But I do know from my own experience that a great shadow has come over her little household. These bereavements come so suddenly and so often it would seem that we would get used to them. But some-

how their familiarity don't lighten them. The storm sometimes seems to beat overwhelmingly on our heads, and I should bow my head to it and let it sweep me away, did I not know that it would clear away and good would come of it.

Last night a cloud burst over us, the rain descended in torrents and beat into our shanty on every side. A more uninviting room could not well be imagined. The storm had held full carnival. This morning the clouds have disappeared, the sun is shining, the thirsty ground has drunk up the rain and a great deal more good than harm has been done. Unworthy as I am, did I believe all these bereavements were punishments for sin, I should lie down in despair; but when I know that upon as righteous a man as Job, calamities were multiplied beyond the experience of most if not all men, I look up in confidence, believing that all these peltings are not punishments but painful preparations for the abundant fruit which ought to be gathered.

Fannie's wedding day reminds me of the happy group under the shadows of those now great maples twenty-five years ago, when it was my lot to perform the ceremony which linked her life to another who has shared her joys and her sorrows. There have been fruitful years in all our experiences. They have been especially fruitful in her home plants. If not rich in money and bank stocks, she has her jewels which I trust will always be a diadem to her.

And what shall I say more? For time would fail me to tell, not of Gideon, but of Myron and Sophia and Mary and Cordelia and Philteus and Philemon and all rest who, not having received the fulfillment of the promise on any great amount of earthly good, hath provided for them some better thing. Yours in the bonds of brotherly love,

J. K. WARNER.



PLINY FISK WARNER

PLINY FISK'S EXPERIENCES FOR THE YEARS 1856 AND 1857

I HAVE spent this year in Yale Theological seminary studying theology, and supporting myself by selling books; thus uniting commerce with religion. I have been greatly prospered in all of my undertakings, and have received daily rich mercies and blessings from a kind Providence, who has kept me in perfect health. No deep sorrow or sadness has crossed my path, and little else has transpired to disturb the even tenor of my way. And yet the year has not been without its experiences and its lessons. I have found much pleasure in my study, the noblest study that can occupy the human mind. I have endeavored to fathom its depths. New hope and new joy; new courage and consolation have welled up in my soul as I have dwelt upon the "Mystery of being," "The object of life," The character of God, His infinite goodness and love, and the relations which we sustain to Him.

And yet occasionally a cloud of doubt has crossed the horizon of my religious faith, when, forgetting my weakness and dependence and trusting in the strength of my own wisdom, I have taken my feeble rushlight, and have endeavored unaided and alone to fathom the dark mysteries of the Infinite, to comprehend God and His purposes with my weak intellect, and the why and wherefore of all that He does. Finding that my rushlight could do nothing more than make the darkness visible; baffled in my attempt to pass the bounds of human reason, I have cried out: "Can there be a God? Is not the story of a crucified Savior of man's device and all religion a delusion? Cannot the rapturous joy of the believing Christian be accounted for on psychological principles without

the real existence of a God in Heaven?" Then doubting, I have looked forth upon the world and read on every hand proofs of an omnipotent and omniscient Being, traces of infinite love and goodness, and I could not doubt. Then, turning to my Bible, I found again what I had lost before, faith—faith to follow where my reason could not go. Its teachings were sufficient for me and I rested there, believing still in God and hoping for an immortality in Heaven.

Such have been the trials of my faith. But the year's experience has been fraught with other trials which I have been less able to endure. I have had heart trials. In short, I have been tried and my heart has been found wanting. Long and successfully have I struggled against sour milk and bouquets from managing mamas, and cherry pies and doughnuts and other like tokens of affection from the dear creatures themselves. But alas! while I avoided Scylla I fell upon Charybdis, and though I got off with little damage to my exteriors, sad depredations were made on my interiors. But, a most singular robbery! an equivalent was left in its place. Let me say in conclusion, that during the past year I have become very much in favor of colonization.

POEMS WRITTEN BY MARY, WIFE OF J. K. WARNER

GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE WARNER TRIBE

All names which we fancy,
First Milo and Nancy.
Then Myron and Mary
And Cora, poor thing.
Philetus, Philemon
And Jacob, we sing.
While Fanny, and Pliny,
And Nelly, you know
Complete the first ring
Though we stand in a row.

Of the tribe of Myron:
Are Myron and Sophy
And Cory, and Lettie,
With Emma, and Willie,
And dear little Kittie.

Of the tribe of Carson
Are Carson and Mary,
And Luna, and Diddle,
With no little boy
To play on the fiddle.

Of the tribe of Philetus
Are Philetus and Dolly,
And Helen, you know
Olivia S. and Adney Milo—
Then dear darling Eva,
And Wendall, heigho!

Of the tribe of Philemon
Are Philemon and Ally,
Without Molly or Sally
Or any such thing,
But Jimmy* alone
Is all we can sing.

*The horse.



MARY A. PLATT WARNER

Of Jacob, the parson,
Who lives in Dundee,
Are Jacob and Mary
And Edith, you see.

Of the tribe of Arba
Are Arba and Fanny,
With no little chicks
But Dolly and Nancy*
And one other Bonney.

Then Pliny, and Hattie,
Who wait yet awhile
Ere she gladdens our band
With her sweet winning smile
While Cora and Nellie
Alas! you all know,
Stand alone in the world
Without husband or beau.

THE GEMS OF THE HOMESTEAD

We come at the sound of the gathering call,
From parish, from field and scholastic hall.
We have left our cares amid life's fierce swell
To hie to the nook where shadows dwell.

The Father above hath kindly led
Through the changing year so quickly sped,
And again by the household shrine we stand
A happy, unbroken and loving band.

No offerings rich and rare we pour,
Nor deck this altar with treasures o'er;
No pomp nor glitter attracts us here,
Nor fashion binds with its laws severe.

But the wealth of loving hearts we bring,
And the sparkling gems from affection's spring,
And a garland of hope and sympathy twine,
Which shall fadeless bloom on this cherished shrine.

O dearer far to our yearning sight
Is this dwelling old with its glad home light

*Horses.—(ED.)

Than the mansion where splendor and coldness dwell—
A stately prison with glittering cells.

Each part of this homestead is cherished still
Though a place in another house we fill,
And we wander o'er garden and field and lawn,
While memories cluster sweet and strong.

All, all is unchanged in this "shadowy nook."
Which has wooed us here with its peaceful look,
Away from the cares and the anxious strife
Which has harassed and clouded our busy life.

These noble trees o'er the mossy seat
Where oft we've gathered in converse sweet,
Still droop their branches with sheltering care
Like a guardian angel watching there.

The orchard still waves with its grateful shade
O'er the velvet sward where so oft we've strayed,
When its perfume breathed on the spring tide breeze,
Or its Autumn offering decked the trees.

The woodland walks that we've loved so well,
Each flowery dingle and mossy dell,
Each wild wood glen with its dancing rill
Are fav'rite haunts of our footsteps still.

More dear to our hearts is this maple grove
Than the fabled bower where goddesses rove,
And the nectar they quaffed from Olympian rills
Is less sweet and pure than here distils.

The brooklet murmurs with tuneful chime,
The song which it sung in the olden time;
We have heeded its voice though far we roam,
For its chorus ever is "welcome home."

The years have not harshened its silver tone,
Nor untuned the voice which is music's own;
Nor time has ruffled its placid breast,
So calm and bright in its noontide rest.

Its path is unchanged through the meadows green,
And the same dark sentinels o'er it lean,

As erst they used in our childhood's prime,
And in later youth's and manhood's time.

How oft on its margin with laughing glee,
We've wandered with footsteps light and free,
Or watched the moonlight's trembling thrill
On its rippling waters at twilight still.

O brook of the homestead! thy peaceful way
May no emblem be of our life's brief day;
For rocks and rapids and quicksands lie,
In the turbid channel through which we fly.

And clouds and tempest darken our day,
And mar our spirit's peaceful play.
And time shall furrow our brows with care,
And sorrow leave its impres sthere.

But thou wilt meander the same bright way,
When we've all passed from our home away:
And have laid us down to our final rest,
In our narrow bed 'neath the green earth's breast.

Yet thy days are numbered, thou tranquil stream,
And will pass away as a transcient dream;
While ours through eternity's measureless space,
On and onward stretch, beyond mortal trace.

Yet there is a river whose silver tide,
From the throne of Jehovah doth peacefully glide,
Its waters flow on through the vista dim
Which shuts eternity's glories in.

Soon our Father on high shall sweetly call,
From their scattered beds our wanderers all.
To a gathering vast in the home above,
In the mansion prepared by Jesus' love.

By that river of life in "the better land,"
On "the shining shore" may we joyfully stand,
The gems of our homestead all clustered there,
In the Savior's diadem glittering fair.

MARY.

RETROSPECTION

There's a murmur of waves in mine ear tonight
As they gush on a pebbly shore,
There's a gleam in mine eye of a rainbow light

Which flashes their surface o'er,
I see as of old the crystal gem
In its casket of emerald lay
The green and cultured and wooded slopes,
Which gracefully bound its way.

But the sound is an echo in memory's halls,
And the gleam is a vision bright
Which sweeps o'er my soul as its magic calls
And thrills me with fond delight.
For I see, but with memory's softened eye
Sweet Seneca's glistening sheen.
And I hear, but in fancy, the rippling sigh
Of its waves in the hush of e'en.

Mine eye has glanced on another view,
In memory's shifting scene
And I see before me a lovely vale
Soft sleeping the hills between.
It is decked in a robe of changing green
And dotted with homesteads o'er
And the spires of the quiet village speak
Of hopes that heavenward soar.

I am passing the "City of Silence" by
Where our lost ones sweetly rest,
Then on, by the old familiar way
With eager and earnest quest,
It is gained at last! and I see once more
The homestead plain and old,
With the dear old trees, whose drooping arms
Still shelter the peaceful fold.

Again I feel the warm embrace
Of the dear ones at the door
And stand with thankful, and joyful heart
In our family room once more.
Then gather around me the true ones all,
With words of love and cheer;
And my longing heart allfullness finds
And rests from its burdens here.

And is this like the other a fleeting dream?
Which comes but at memory's call,
Am I far from the haunts which I've known so well
And far from the loved ones all?
Yes, the home of the wanderer now is cast
Where the prairies sink and swell,

Away from Seneca's lovely shores
And the "nook where the shadows dwell."

You're gathered again round our father's board,
With joy and festive cheer.
Yet some seats are vacant, some members gone,
Some void in the circle dear.
And yet we are with you, each absent one
Will sit by that hearth today,
And bow at the altar, where well we know
You'll kneel as of old to pray.

For hearts are unfettered by space or clime
And can swiftly wing their way,
O'er mountain and river, and forest wide
To the shrine of their love away.
We'll wander with you by the brooklet's side,
Through meadow, orchard and grove.
And sing with you all at the twilight's hour
An anthem of praise and love.

Then joyfully spend the happy hours,
With the gathered band at home.
And thankfully pass the tranquil hours,
With the absent where'er they roam.
And when our wanderings all are o'er
The days of our partings past.
May one band unbroken be gathered home
To rest in our Lord at last.
"And is there a chord in the music that's missed when my voice
is away?" MARY.

WELCOME

Another year and the homestead old
Sends forth the kindly call,
Which bids our absent scattered band
Return from their wanderings all.

Retrace their steps to our father's board
To join in its festive cheer,
To clasp once more our parted hands
In a bond of union here.

We come from various and distant spheres
Of study and toil and care,

To lighten our burdens by sympathy's tears
And to feel in joy a share.

And here will unbend in concourse sweet
Each troubled and careworn brow,
And here will renew with a firmer tie
Our warm fraternal vow.

We bear our household treasures here
To win to your hearts their way,
And to take their place in the merry ring
Which gladdens and cheers this day.

We come to bow at the household shrine
Whence hath floated for many a year
The daily incense of prayer unfeigned
Which Heaven hath stooped to hear.

And here with joyful and thankful hearts
Will count our mercies o'er
Nor murmur at crosses that all must bear,
And which Jesus has borne before.

For though shadows thicken across our path
There beam some guiding stars,
And "home light and love light" the beacons shall be
To lead us mid darkness and fear.

And our orb refulgent with heavenly rays
Though shrouded by doubt and sin
Is but waiting our trusting and upward glance
To usher its brightness in.

Then brothers and sisters we'll joyfully clasp
Our hands in this circle once more,
And away to our labors and duties again
With our gaze on a sunnier shore.

But here we would crave ere we sunder again
A boon which is better by far,
Than riches which fly us, or pleasures which fade,
A treasure which time cannot mar.

'Tis a place in the prayers of our father we ask
For us, and our darling ones here,
A blessing from him, who is nearing that home,
Which we tremblingly seek, though afar.

MARY.

GENTLE WORDS AND LOVING SMILES

It is not much that earth can give
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart.
But oh! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Give gentle words and loving smiles
How beautiful is earth.

MARY, 1854.

SHADOW NOOK

By Mary

Thou place of my birth
Loved home of my childhood
And dearest of earth.
In gardens and wildwood
By streamlet and vale
My feet have oft strayed
In orchard and field
O'er meadow and glade.

I've roamed o'er they hills
For toil and for fun
I've traced thy bright rills
At setting of sun.
Have heard at the dawn
The songs of thy birds
And on the green lawn
The lowing of herds.

How dear to my heart
Is each field and each glen,
Each tree and each shrub,
Each forest and fen,
And long may it be
Ere my steps from thee part
Thou home of my youth
Cherished home of my heart .



MYRON AND SOPHIE MORSE WARNER

A FEW ITEMS IN HISTORY OF LAST 25 YEARS

*Written by Sophia Morse Warner for the Annual
Gathering, 1862.*

TWENTY-FIVE years ago last May the eldest son of the house of Milo, having fully made up his mind to bring to his home (being domiciled in the house of Omri) a help "eat" (knowing but little whether she would prove much else), started on a then long journey "down east," performed mostly by stage coach, for you must know that rails were not much in vogue so long ago. Neither was there a path through the Green Mountains, as at present; but instead it was up-up, and down-down. But the bride-elect was far beyond. The case was urgent, and he hastened along, and on the first day of June was set down by a little brown house among the hills of New Hampshire, some six hundred miles from his own home. (Wonder if he thinks it paid!)

Two busy days passed. Two bags of not over large dimensions were procured, and one trunk wherein was packed all we possessed. There was a tick for the straw and another minus the feathers and another still with the feathers, a small complement of bed clothes, and what would now be called a scanty wardrobe, but which at that time answered every purpose. All things were arranged.

Then came a quiet New England Sabbath. The 4th of June the sun rose in all its beauty and splendor as if to sanction the marriage vow. We went to church during the day. At 4 o'clock a few friends dropped in. No invitations had been given, only the hour announced.

The room was filled. The marriage ceremony performed, good-byes were said and all left early.

On Monday morning, after our usual meal, prayers were offered, and we bade adieu with a feeling of sadness to the home that had sheltered us and the kind brother's family that cared for us during the years of our orphanage. That brother took us 80 miles on our way, and left us to make our journey over the mountains.

Saturday morning we were landed in Bergen among friends where we spent the Sabbath. The next day took the stage to Gainesville. On Tuesday by private conveyance just at night we landed at this house. We do not recollect that our arrival caused any unusual excitement. The next morning we went to our home and immediately entered upon our duties as housekeeper. The summer passed pleasantly and we trust profitably. The milk-room, kitchen and spinning wheel kept us out of mischief. Nothing unusual occurred till mid-winter, when one night we were aroused from sleep by the abrupt entrance of a man to our apartment. He struck a light, drew from his pocket a paper, and commenced to read: "Myron Warner, you are hereby notified to appear in Aurora tomorrow morning at nine o'clock armed and equipped, as the law directs, with a blanket and 4 days' provisions." We were pretty thoroughly scared to say the least. Suffice it to say, he did not appear. How little we thought then that 24 years later a son of ours would be a soldier in a hostile camp. Blessed be the hand that wisely veils the future and gives us strength according to our day. (Pardon this digression.)

Spring came and Myron concluded to seek his fortune in the West. He scraped together a few dollars and on the 12th of June, a few days over one year from our wedding day, leaving us with our little one to be cared for by father, who had kindly offered us a home at this

old homestead. It was a tearful but hopeful parting when he tore himself away from all he loved. But by us short-sighted mortals it was thought best. For a few months letters of cheerful expectation found their way to us at home. Then came a few lines saying: "I am sick." And then another: "I shall try to come home." A long silence followed and then a letter came which a stranger's hand had penned, directed to father, saying: "Your son is very sick. Come immediately if you expect to see him alive." As it had been written 13 days, the last ray of hope seemed gone.

Father had gone to Buffalo. Philemon took the letter and started just at night on horseback. Arrived at Buffalo at daybreak; found father. A boat was going out at night. Philemon came back with the team. Just at night father went out for Detroit, but in the night they were run into by another boat, disabled and towed into Dunkirk. He got back after 4 days' absence. We could do nothing but weep and pray and wait. A few more days and another letter came saying he was able to walk across the room, and we began to hope again. An evening late in November brother J was posted to Wales on horseback, to see if any tidings of the sick man had been received, and found him just arrived at Uncle Hyman's. He came back in a hurry. Well do we remember the joy and thanksgiving that shone on every face.

For more than a year the effects of that sickness kept us here. All thoughts of going West were abandoned. We again commenced housekeeping with our little son almost 2 years old at Currier's Corners. Through the spring and summer we were very happy. The last day of August was the Sabbath. We had just returned from prayer-meeting. Our little boy said he was sick and wanted to go to bed. Soon after, as we were going to have worship, he said: "Me get up to

worship," I said to him: "You are sick, my dear; you need not get up." "O yes, mamma, me get up worship."

Precious one! Had we known the bitter cup our heavenly Father was preparing for us, O how earnestly we should have prayed that it might pass from us. This was the last time that he knelt by his little chair. He lingered till Tuesday afternoon, when his mild blue eyes were closed, the little heart ceased to beat. Our darling, our cherished one, was dead.

I need not mention the sad burial, the return to our desolate home. There are but few families that have not felt the same. And shall we grieve that "He who is an angel grew not to be a man." Years have since come and gone. Sunlight and shade have alternately been ours. Two sons and four daughters have been given us; the youngest, the household pet, that gladdened us for a few months and then passed away. We laid her beside the little brother in yonder burial-place. Loved ones have gone before us and beckon us away. If all our dear children were lambs of Christ's fold our cup of joy would be full.

The past year has been one of anxiety and trouble. The 17th of last September our dear Corydon left home, a volunteer in his country's service. We thought we had sympathized with the mothers of our land who had given up their sons. But we knew nothing of their trials till they were our own. We are grateful that he still lives. God has been better to us than our fears. We stand before you with our household after twenty-five years of wedded life, testifying that our cup has had in it much more sweetness than bitterness, and we in the presence of you all, our venerable parents and affectionate brothers and sisters and our dear cherished children, present our grateful acknowledgments to God, the author of all these domestic joys.

Nor are we unmindful of the rich and beautiful token of silver which we have received at your hands. These silver bonds shall ever symbolize the stronger ties of love that ever bind our hearts together. Now, as a family, we start again on our journey. God only knows if any of us shall reach another quarter of a century. Who will fall by the way, who will reach the distant goal is wisely hidden from our dim vision. We will go in the strength of Him who has led us hitherto nor falter in our way, though trials be our portion.

We subjoin the following chronological table of events:

Myron and Sophia married June 4, 1837.

Corydon Adams born at this house June 2, 1838.

Moved to Currier's Corners March, 1840.

Corydon A. died September 2, 1840.

Orville Corydon born July 29, 1841.

Moved to Java Village March, 1842.

Brother Hiram died January 14, 1843.

Moved to father's June, 1843.

Mother died June 20, 1843.

Moved to West Hill March, 1844.

Emma born March 24, 1845.

Willis born July 20, 1848.

Moved to father's January, 1850.

Kittie born December 20, 1850.

Alice Gertrude born December 22, 1854; died April 14, 1855.

A LETTER

Written for the Annual by Henry E. Morrill, 1864.

TO THAT festive circle who this day gather in gladness under the old roof tree of "Shadow Nook" the last number engrafted into that New England stock sends back joyous words of congratulation and cheer. It is but one short year since I stood in your midst and bore away from your presence one branch of that tree, whose wide-spreading arms already stretch from the prairies of the West to the waters of the Atlantic.

How kindly she bore the transplanting; how quick she took root in her new home; how vigorous has been the growth of her love, and the blossoms and fruits of her affection, need no words of mine to describe. Many who hear these lines have sat at her table and enjoyed her generous hospitality. They have felt the cordial grasp of her hand and seen the sweet smile of recognition and welcome. But He only who comes into the inner sanctuary of the heart can attest that the fire has burned there with an undimmed lusture.

As from the "Shadows" of the night come forth the beams of the morning sun to brighten and cheer the earth, so from that "Shadow Nook" the sunbeam which came that day into my heart and into my home has never ceased to be the light and the joy of the household. How much I owe to her patient, thoughtful love; to her assiduous care, and to that inexhaustible flow of buoyancy of spirits which always sees a silver lining gilding the darkest cloud, may be inferred by you who have so long felt the richness of her love, but can be known in the

fullest extent only by Him who qualified and trained her for this new vocation, and who in her profession has given to His servant a fresh experience of the truth that "a prudent wife is from the Lord."

Of our whereabouts and journeyings since we left that dear old homestead her prolific pen has already informed you. And—but here mark the wisdom and goodness of the compensations of Providence. To the trifling circumstance of a sore finger, which has forbidden all writing for the past eight weeks, do you owe your escape from the infliction of a communication longer, perchance, than hers, and dull in proportion to its length. Now instead you receive few words, but may they prove like the Sybil's—interesting and valuable chiefly because they are so few.

Today another member seeks admission to this loved circle. Permit us who though absent in body are present with you in spirit to reach out and give you the right hand of fellowship, not the less real because it is invisible. May you and Lettie henceforth be "one in interest and affection, one in the faith of the gospel and practice of its duties; may your prayers and thanksgivings ascend together in one cloud of incense, and may every gift of our Father's providence and grace be multiplied and sweetened to each by being bestowed on the other. May you find the sympathy of kindred hearts to be sweet in sickness and in health, in sorrow and in joy, and as you shall be mutually the helper of each other's lives may you be eternally the sharer of each other's joy.

While we thus enlarge the home circle to make room for the newcomer, we are admonished that one who aforetime oft met with us is perchance preparing to depart. Already her wasted form begins to tread the outer verge of that circle which lies close upon the spirit land, and her attenuated finger is pointing upward to

that serene sky unvexed by sickness or death. Dear Mary, our hearts are full of tender memories and blessed anticipations. If the wormth of our love and the strength of our sympathy could rebuke disease, you should again sit in our circle radiant with health, and many long years of usefulness should be yours. But we remember that, " 'tis not all of life to live." You have heard a Father's voice calling you up higher, and now you are "waiting, only waiting, till the shadows are a little longer grown." For the record of life so nearly complete, we give you joy, and render God thanks. In all that you have accomplished as child and sister, as wife and mother, as friend and companion, you have left an imperishable memorial. And although, when we think only of the disruption of those pleasant ties, we are sad for the moment, yet not even for a moment are we sorry for your sake.

There is nothing in life so joyful to a Christian as the right going out of it. And we bid you Godspeed, rejoicing that any are permitted to outrun us and overtake the prize while we linger. From our full hearts we send YOU this day, and to the dear absent ones with and near you, assurances of our remembrance, our sympathy and our love. May the brightness of the coming glory ever shine upon your head, and the companionship of the Saviour cheer your heart while you

"Are waiting by the river,
Watching by the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman
To convey you safely o'er."

To those of us who are in health and strength remains the consolation that Heaven is being enriched day by day by garnering there those we sent from our hearts and from our arms; and that every year the circle that awaits our coming is growing larger than that from

which we shall depart. Let us hear the earnest words of our patriotism which summons us to duty, coming from every hospital and battlefield of our imperilled country, from our daily avocations, and from our peaceful homes, and labor manfully every day, until we in time are permitted to enter into our rest.

A RETROSPECT

Written for the Annual by Orpha E. Warner Lewis, 1866

ANOTHER year has passed away. Again we meet at the old homestead. Many changes have occurred in the past year, one of which is perhaps the chief: The second son of the second generation of the Warner tribe has quit using tobacco. It is to be hoped that he will continue to reform, so that at our next gathering he will be considered an equal in the family circle. We suppose that Philemon and Allie are making money as fast as ever, but they will soon be left far behind on the road to wealth, for certain portions of the Warner family have got ile on the brain; and are already in imagination counting their wealth by the hundreds of thousands. I do not exactly understand their process of figuring. I hope it will prove real, for I think Aunt Orpha needs a sewing machine. (I wonder how many different stitches a five-dollar machine will take), while Lettie's baby is sadly in need of a water-proof.

Whether Fiske will leave the world any better than he found it is an unsolved problem. Em still resides at Brooklyn and I am a little afraid she thinks of taking up her abode in the city, for I have heard hints of a bachelor or something of the sort.

Corydon ventured out a mile or so from home one evening this week, which I consider the eighth wonder of the world.

J. and family spent a whole day with us. We hardly know to which of the wonders it belongs. To Lizzie, whom we have already learned to love, we give a cordial

welcome. Willie in his love matters is almost equal to the claims of his Uncle J. numerically.

Celia and Arlie, though grafted into the family tree from a foreign stock, are growing up as equals with the natural branches. Notwithstanding the failure of Cordelia, Philemon and Fiske to add anything to the number of contributions, still *The Annual* will not want for writers to add to its columns, as I am able to record several new contributors. We have no marriages to record among the grandchildren and I am afraid we never shall have.

NOTE.—Celia and Arlie were step-daughters of Mrs. Lewis.

SILVER ANNIVERSARY

Written for the Annual of 1867 by Pliny Fisk Warner.

THE second of our number, Number Four in the line (I trust an intelligent and curious posterity will not infer from this use of the number that we do not know our own or each other's names) has attained to 25 years of uninterrupted married life, and we are assembled today by his invitation, and in accordance with our desires, to celebrate in a festive way this anniversary.

We congratulate our brother and sister, son and daughter, father and mother, uncle and aunt, or by whatever other name a varied relationship may call them, on this attainment. This may seem to be a doubtful compliment. Some people, especially unmarried people, do not like to be congratulated or reminded in any way that they are growing old. But it is not on the fact of advanced or advancing years that we congratulate you, though often I think we might well congratulate ourselves and be congratulated by our friends when we have arrived at any new stage, or one of the later stages of a journey so rough and beset with storms and clouds, as is the journey of life to most, especially if we are journeying forward to a land of rest. We congratulate you that the bonds with which in love you bound yourselves twenty-five years ago have not been broken.

We congratulate you on the happiness that so many years of married life must have afforded you. We congratulate you for the children that have blessed your union and for the satisfaction you can justly take in looking upon them today. We congratulate you on the

hallowed memories that remain to you of those who have been taken away.

Those twenty-five years may not show so much outward prosperity as colored your dreams in the beginning. The struggle for life may have been harder than you thought, but you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have cheerfully striven together, and if you have not always gained what you have striven for you have gained something else of more value, more wealth of affection, stronger characters, better habits. You have encountered cloudy days and stormy days and rough places, but you have not succumbed to them or given up in despair, but have kept steadily on your way whether the sun was shining or clouds lowering, whether the way was smooth and easy, or hard and difficult. Doubtless you have found the days of sunshine were many more than those of storm.

Again we congratulate you on the way you have been led along to this your silver wedding day. As evidence of our sympathy and regard these presents witness. If the silver in them does not abound, we beg of you to remember that this is not the silver age, but the age of greenbacks. But whatever silver is wanting on your tables or in your pockets may it abound in your lives, purified of its dross by the experiences of these twenty-five years. And we wish you many more years of life together, and may they be full of blessing, each succeeding year richer than the one before it, in good deeds, in love and the bounties of heaven, and may the silvery brightness of this noontime of your life become golden at its close—golden with the glory of Heaven shining through the gates opening for you.



FRANCES WARNER THOMPSON

AFTER TWELVE YEARS

*Written by Frances Temperance Warner Thompson for
the Annual, 1867.*

AFTER twelve revolving years I come attended by one little satellite to stand at the shrine where the holy vows were made, and live over again those years saddened by changes and burdens. Could the books have been opened on that bridal day and the leaves scanned, which I have been daily turning, I might have shrunk back, fearing to be thus led on; but though my feet have often been worn and weary with the pilgrimage, today I can make record that it has been the hand of a loving Father that has led me on, and that beautiful sunset hues have tinged and brightened the darkest days. We have not regrets to make of strifes and envyings and bickerings, but love for each other, and those God has given us, has been in our hearts and breathed from our lips through all those years.

Little by little we have been learning, too, that "All things shall work together for good" for those who have the love of Jesus in their hearts. Would that we could clasp hands in this hallowed place, and repledge ourselves not only to a life of love and faithfulness to each other, but of undying love and devotion to our good God! Would, too, that the other four unfolding buds of promise might breathe this home air, and perchance catch some inspiration which would aid in their development, and more than all to receive the patriarchal blessing of him who is nearing the promised land! But regrets are useless, so I will here with the aid of all these loving hearts and hands, and of that unseen company "Who have crossed the river," gird on my armor anew, and bear away a spirit consecrated to the work of high and holy living.



ORPHA E. WARNER POTTER

LETTER OF ORPHA ELLEN WARNER TO HER BROTHER, J. K. WARNER

Shadow Nook, Monday Eve., Oct. 30, 1854.

We have received the letter today that tells us of the distressed condition of our Reverend brother. We supposed, of course, you had forgotten home ere this; did you think that you could find sympathy in the hearts of your sisters? Poor dear fellow, I am really sorry to pity you. I know it must be hard to be sick all alone, no kind hand to soothe the aching head; or cheerful voice to break the silence of your room, or while away the tedious hours by reading or cheerful song. I should think that you were almost getting to be a Mr. Anthrope. My advice would be when you can't stand it any longer just try sitting awhile.

What a woe-begone picture you must present if your countenance is like your heart. I should think that like the trees you had laid aside your verdure, but instead of adopting gray colors, you had put on blue. Do you wear a weed on your hat? If I was only there I would dry up your handkerchiefs for you, but don't see as I can as it is. Do you have strength enough to spread them out. Did Mary bring up wood and water enough to last while she is gone? Wonder every day, don't you, how you ever lived without her so long?

How much I should like to come and spend the winter there if you was only going to be there. I think it would do you good to have some one around once in a while to try your patience, and you know I am excellent at that, but such a circumstance would be too good for me. I guess home and Strykersville are the only

places for me—Frank and I are enjoying it as well as we can. I am assisting her some and studying geometry and algebra.

I had an excellent letter from Fisk three weeks ago last Saturday enclosing a ten-dollar bill, saying that as long as good fortune continued to prosper I should share. I wonder if I can ever repay in any way the kindness and favors bestowed upon me. It makes me feel sad when I think how unworthy I am of such love and kindness from one and all. Frank has now a very pleasant school, I think. But we shall, I fear, be quite lonely when those leave that are intending to at the end of the quarter.

They have today been having an auction at Mr. Cowdens. It seemed sad to see those things put up and bid off. He is missed, oh, so much here. Have you been told that Jasper Ward was married? Clinton Woodruff has got back to Strykersville once more. I have not seen him since his return. Mr. Ira Stevens and family left a week ago today for the West. I wish you had some of our apples, for we have some fine ones now. If we go out we shall certainly remember to carry some.

I am somewhat sorry that you are going to leave there. But I do not wonder that you think you cannot stay. You do see some of the "shady side" of life, do you not? All for the best, if there were no thorns, if a cloud never darkened our pathway we should love this life too well, have our minds too upon upon earth.

Have you yet written that sermon that Mary spoke of? We have been looking for a copy; hope you will not fail to send one. We shall no doubt peruse it with a great deal of interest. If there is any room in your letter to Mary give her a great deal of love from me. If you feel so disposed I wish you would write us again. Frank has been having quite a cry over your letter for joy that her brother once more has condescended to write

to her. You must certainly come home before you go East; we cannot have you go so far away without again seeing you.

Accept a good-night kiss and a great deal of love
from your affectionate sister, ORPHA.

OUR FATHER

Written by J. K. Warner, 1867

A GAIN we are all permitted to meet under the paternal roof and exchange smiles and greetings and pour out our gratitude to God that we are once more permitted to behold each other's faces on the earth. And there is nothing that contributes so much to the joy of this occasion as the seeing of our father still with us. For many years we have enjoyed his counsels and his benedictions. More perfect than the patriarch Jacob, more royally the head of a race than Isaac, he has distributed, not his property, for this is naught to us, but his benediction without favor or partiality. Not one of us has had to come in sorrow and disappointment and say "Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me even me also, O my father." None of us have lifted up our voices and wept because a supplanter had taken away our blessing. Though poor in purse and power, in lands and flocks, and poor in the poor soil that has come down to us, we are all rich in his worthy example and blameless life and his impartial benedictions.

Intelligence of suffering and wasting disease had reached us in our distant homes, and it was whispered around that we must hurry our footsteps if we would behold our father's face. But God has spared him till we have all come home. And now, our father, we claim one more blessing ere we or thou goest hence. We ask not that, like Reuben, we may have the excellency of dignity. We ask not for Judah's scepter of power and that it may not depart from us. We ask not that, with Zebulon, we may dwell at the haven of the sea and enrich ourselves with the merchantmen that come over the great

waters. We ask not for the strength of Issacher nor the ermine of Dan. We ask not for the royal dainties of Asher, nor the playful gamboling or fleetness of Napthali. But that the blessing of Joseph may descend on the head of every one of us. That we may all be fruitful boughs by the well, running over the walls and hanging there laden with fruit. That we may not only be fruitful in our lives, furnishing grateful shade and strengthening fruit to every passer-by, but literally fruitful—that our houses may be adorned with olive plants and our quivers full of children. So that when infirmities come upon us we may be ministered to, not by strangers, but by the hands of loving children.

And now our prayer is not like Brother Boynton's, that you may live to be as old as Methuselah and then go to heaven like Elijah, but that years of painless peaceful life may crown your old age, and then like a shock of corn fully ripe—ripe in years, ripe in good deeds, ripe in every charity—you may painlessly pass away and enter upon your reward.

Ancestors of Mrs. Sophia Morse Warner

Anthony Morse, born in Marlboro, Wiltshire, England, in 1608, came to America in 1635, and settled in Newbury, Mass.

Anthony Morse, son of above, born in Newbury and married Elisabeth Knight in 1660.

Anthony Morse, son of above, born in Newbury, in 1662, and married Sarah Pike in 1685.

Stephen Morse, son of above, born in Newbury in -695; married Elisabeth Worth in 1725.

Anthony Morse, son of above, born in Newbury in 1736; moved to Pembroke, N. H., and married Betty Platt in 1757.

Richard Morse, son of above, born in Pembroke in 1758, and married Sarah Sargent in 1791.

Sophia Morse, daughter of above, born in Pembroke, Oct. 11, 1811, and married Myron Warner, June 4, 1837.

Genealogy of Prudence Hollister, Wife of Omri Warner

Lieutenant John Hollister, born in England in 1612; emigrated to America same year.

John Hollister, 2nd, born in 1664; wife Sarah.

Thomas Hollister, 3d, born 1672; wife Dorothy Hillis.

Charles Hollister, 4th, born 1701; wife Prudence Frances.

Captain Francis Hollister, 5th, born 1738; wife Betty McKee.

Prudence Hollister, 6th, born 1768; married Omri Warner.

Laurence Washington, born at Reily's Creek, about 1661, and died there 1697. Married in Gloucester County, Virginia. Mildred Reed Warner, daughter of Col. Augustine Warner. Her son, Augustine Washington. His son, George Washington, Father of his Country.

Do not know that the above Warner was related to our family. There are at least two Warner families that came to America about 1635.

A LITTLE HISTORY OF RICHARD MORSE, SR., OF PEMBROKE, N. H., AND HIS IMMEDIATE FAMILY

*Written From Memory by Sophia Morse Warner in Her
76th Year, May 1, 1887*

I HAD thought it might be interesting to my nieces and nephews to know something of my early life and that of my father's family. My earliest recollections are that my father's health was poor. He was lame from a child, and though he lived till I was 9 years old, I never saw him walk. If he wished to move in the room he would move his chair from one side to the other, and so make some progress; if to go into another room, some of the family took hold of the back of his chair and drew him along.

My mother was some six years younger than my father, and I think must have been very robust and healthy. In their earlier years they kept a country store in a part of the house, and from what I have learned from others were in comfortable circumstances. But in the War of 1812 my father failed in business. I was born in 1811, the youngest of nine children, so I only know of the storeroom, as it was called, where the shelves and counters and drawers for convenience remained. These reverses were followed by pinching times. The children were scattered. Stephen and Richard and Jacob were bound out to learn trades. Cyrus and Polly went to live with an aunt on my father's side. Brother Willis went to live with a farmer in Dracut. As it was some ways from home, it was seldom that we saw him, but I remember even now what a day of rejoicing it was when

we heard that little Willis, as he was lovingly called by my mother, was coming home.

I think providing for our small family devolved mostly on my mother. My father taught evening schools for the accommodation of apprentices. One evening would be devoted to writing, another to arithmetic. He was called on to write deeds and mortgages, and in that way eked out a living. In some instances mother would have a boarder or two, we had not accommodations for many, as our house was small.

Brother Jacob, after his trade was learned—which you all know was shoemaking—came home and had the storeroom for his shop, and helped in the matter of supplies. I have always loved him very much for his kindness in his care for us all. I remember, too, that my mother would go for a few days and pull flax for those that raised it. It is no disgrace to work, neither will it hurt us to know that our parents and grandparents worked for a living, as long as we are all obliged to follow suit. My oldest brother Cyrus when he came of age took up his abode in Canada. He came home once; that was the only time I ever saw him. He married there, had one daughter. Some years after his death I received a letter from the daughter, which I answered. That is all I know of her. Sister Polly, that went to live with my aunt, stayed there till she was married. Subsequently they moved to Columbia, N. H. She died leaving one daughter 3 years old. I have held correspondence with her for years. She is now herself a widow with one son. Her father's name was Rogers. Her name is Hester Ann Dustin. Her son's name, Allen Dustin.

Brother Stephen made his home in Holderness, now called Ashland, N. H. He was twice married. His first wife had nine children, his second wife four. He saw many reverses in life; he was always an honorable Chris-

tian man. He lived to be 87 years old. Brother Richard went to Bradford, Vt., soon after learning his trade, which was papermaking (the same trade brother Stephen learned), and that was his home as long as he lived. I think he was 87 when he died. He, too, was twice married. His first wife had seven children, his second wife two. You have all seen his youngest child, Nellie. She lived with her father and kept his house 25 years after the death of his second wife, Nellie's mother.

Brother Jacob made his home with my father and mother. Brother Willis went from Dracut to work in a cotton mill in Lowell, Mass. My mother died suddenly in April before I was 9 years old. A sister of my mother came to keep house for us and supply as best she could a mother's place. In October after mother died Brother Jacob took me to Holderness to live with my brother Stephen, sister Sarah remaining at home with father, aunt and brother Jacob, who after mother died slept with father and took care of him in his helplessness.

In February after I left home father died. We were sent for to attend his funeral. I remember well the stormy night when the messenger arrived after dark. Brother Stephen's wife remarked in my presence, "We must leave Sophy here with Mrs. Baker; we cannot take her." I could not think of never seeing my father again. I begged the man, who was no other but Enoch Rogers, to take me in his sleigh. (I mention his name as he was an uncle of Hester Ann Rogers). It was decided that I could go. As soon as possible we were on our way. It was storming and the wind blowing. As the man had just come over the road he took the lead. A few miles from home we were tipped over in the snow, but we were not discouraged. We gathered up and were soon on our way again. When ten miles from home it was so bad that we put up at a hotel for a few hours and rested.

At 4 in the morning the storm had abated and the moon shone out. At sunrise we were 20 miles from home and 18 miles from my father's. We warmed and got our breakfasts and started on again. I think the snow was deep and impeded our progress. When we reached home the house was full and services had commenced. We were seated in the room with the family, brother Jacob taking me in his arms and holding me to him close. Then with sister Sarah we went to look for the last time on the dear face of him we had loved and revered. He had always been very kind and loving to his little girls, as he was wont to call us, and account of his helplessness he needed us near him to anticipate his wants and run on errands for him when out of school. I can seem to see him now as he sat near a table where were books, pen and ink, and paper, where he could reach them, and while away the hours as best he could.

You grandchildren, who never saw him, can hardly conceive what all those years must have been to him. To sit in one position, not only for days and weeks, but for months and years, and only a common chair. There were none of the modern conveniences such as upholstered or rolling chairs that are now furnished for invalids. I think he was about 62½ years old when he died.

Brother Jacob, aunt and sister Sarah remained in the old home. The following April aunt died. Then the old home was broken up. And the dear aunt that made a home for my oldest brother and sister took to her home sister Sarah to live with her. She had no children of her own, but she had given a home and a mother's care to the children of others. Then the dear old house and home that had sheltered us so long was given up. Brother Jacob boarded awhile and then married, but remained in his native village till he came to Western New York, which was at that time a long ways off. Brother Willis

had been here and bought him a place, and then returned to Massachusetts for a wife. It was a year or more before he came back. And then brother Jacob and his wife and three children came with him. They all found it a tedious journey over the Green Mountains by stage to Troy, from there by canal boat to Albion, the remainder of the way, some 50 miles, in a lumber wagon. To add to the weariness of their journey the children were sick. Sophia, brother Willis' little one, a wee bit, hardly lived through, but in after years was a great comfort to her father and mother. She was married to H. Nichols and was the mother of three sons; two are still living. Charles, brother Willis' youngest child, and the only one now living, is married, has two children.

Two sons were born into brother Jacob's family after they came West—Samuel and Perry. Sister Sarah and myself made our way to Lowell the fall I was 18 and she 22 to work in the factory and be near brother Willis. We made many pleasant acquaintances, among them Frank and Lucy Nichols, who are with us today. In due time we came to know John Nichols, their brother, then a boy. But as he meets with us today he, too, is somewhat gray.

During our few years in Lowell, Lucy married and went away. Frank was married to brother Willis and so became my sister. Sister Sarah was married and moved to Billerica. And I alone was left. But girls are always making friends, and I had some friends that were very dear to me in the days that went by.

After a few years I concluded to come West and visit my brothers and their families. One of my girl friends composed an acrostic on my name as a memorial which will show that she hardly expected I would return if I went so far away. I have never seen her since.

So soon we part. O yes! but give
One single kiss, for while I live
Perhaps I never more may be
Held gently by the hand of thee.
In distant climes, by murmuring streams,
Admt me to your happy dreams.

My fancy oft shall carry me
O'er distance far where you may be
Received with kind cordiality.
So now, my dearest friend, adieu.
Every blessing attend on you.

And as a result of that journey I am still here, though I returned after a year's stay and worked in Lowell one year. I then left the mill for good, went to my old home at brother Stephen's in Holderness. In due time Mr. Warner came for me. We were married 50 years ago today, and came back to this place, where we have lived all of these years; not all the time right here, but in this vicinity. The brothers (I refer to Jacob and Willis) with their families Us three of the old stock. There were five of Jacob's children all living. Sarah, his only daughter, lived with him after the death of her mother nineteen years, when he passed away with a firm trust in Christ our Redeemer, at the advanced age of 89 years. Brother Willis died at the age of 80 years, and Sophia, his only daughter, one year after her father. Oscar, his oldest son, died some years since, leaving a wife and two children. Brother Willis' youngest son and widow are living. He had six grandchildren. Brother Jacob had five. There were eleven children in brother Stephens' family and but fourteen grandchildren that I know of. In brother Richard's family there were nine children and seven grandchildren, as far as I know; there may be more. Sister Sarah had five children. Only two are living and one grandchild. She has been a widow some twenty years. She with her only daughter are living in Bedford, Mass.

This brings the family down to myself. I have had seven children. Two died in infancy, five grew to be men and women, and you all knew my Lettie. She died when 37 years old. I cannot write of her. The greatest sorrow of my life came to me when she died. I know it was all right, but so hard to bear. We know God does not willingly afflict, but for our good. "She cannot come to me, but I shall go to her." We have sixteen grandchildren living. There are some of the fifth generation of my father's family. I don't know how many.

As far as my father's family is concerned, his sons were all poor men, but honest and respected by all that knew them. I do not believe that one of them ever committed a dishonest or mean action in their lives. Neither am I aware that his daughters have. My prayer is that their descendants may all see to it that they do not dishonor the name of Morse. And may we all so live that we may be gathered in that better land where sickness and sorrow shall never enter; and all tears shall be wiped away.

It may not be inappropriate to say something of my life and that of my husband, Myron Warner. I think it may have been much the same as the experience of many another couple. There have be clouds and sunshin; some dark clouds on which no silver lining could be seen. We have had sickness and death in our family. We have known what it is to be poor, but never without daily bread. We have been found fault with both by friends and foes. But I can truthfully say "That goodness and mercy have followed us all our days thus far, and we will trust in the Lord henceforth." Whether our days be few or many, my prayer today is: If we are never permitted to meet again on this earth, we with all our loved ones may be gathered in our Father's home above.

THE EXPOSITION AT PHILADELPHIA

Extract From a Letter of J. K. Warner, 1876

I SHALL never cease to wonder at the marvelous exhibitions of the triumph of mind. I have for years been standing in awe of what man has accomplished, but now I am completely overwhelmed, every time I think of it; at the progress of the age and the wonderful stride which is making, and especially our own nation, in the progress of civilization. Talk about a golden age away back in some dim and shadowy past! Nonsense—The golden age is right here in point of time and right in our own land in point of space. I have for years been a literal interpreter of that wonderful Psalm, understanding it to teach the dignity and greatness of man instead of his littleness. “Thou madest him a little lower than the angels; thou crownedst him with glory and honor, and didst set him over the works of thy hands: thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet.” It only enhances the dignity and glory of the Creator to think of him having created such a wonderful creature as man. I said the golden age was right here in our own land. And when I say this I speak with assurance, for all my reading and all my conversation with those who have been abroad, and above all the facts which come out in connection with the great Exposition, convince me beyond all uncertainty that nowhere else in the human mind so active or the people so comfortable and well cared for.

In reading this extract I am led to wonder what he would have to say if he were alive now. To speak of some of the inventions that are now familiar that were not known then. The typewriter had been invented, but

was not at all conspicuous. They were trying to get the attention of the public by offering to write a short letter for you for a dime to let you show your folks how a typewritten letter looked. There were no electric lights, no telephone, no trolley or electric cars. The street cars were drawn by horses, even as late as 1890. There were practically no bicycles. There was the high front-wheel bicycle, but it was of little use, and not until the invention of the safety, about 1884, did it begin to be of real use. Now for the last ten or twelve years the automobile and motorcycle have overshadowed it; yet it is perhaps more used than it ever was before, though in the last of the 90's it was almost a craze.

Would he not be astonished at the thousands of automobiles that are seen now everywhere, and at the thousands and hundreds of thousands that are employed in building, painting, trimming and using them? What would we do if deprived of them now? Then there is now the gas and gasoline motor, so much used on the farm for pumping and driving farm machinery. The farm tractor that will plow 15 to 20 acres a day. The talking machine which records and reproduces the voices of those that are gone. The electric dynamo that makes possible the driving of machinery by the waters of Niagara and the Mississippi, hundreds of miles away. Then the flying machine, not yet so very useful, but certain to soon become so. Any one that would have suggested the possibility of flying in '76 would have been laughed at.

There have been more and greater inventions for the saving of labor and overcoming the forces of nature since '76 than in all time before. In '76 but few houses were provided with bathrooms; now almost all have them. There were then no screens against flies and insects; now it is considered as necessary part of a house as the win-

dows. Flies were thought of as unpleasant visitors in the house, but were not suspected as being dangerous to health. When we moved into the first house that I built in Jacksonville, Fla., my wife got musquito netting and had me fasten it with strips over the windows; also made frames for the doors and covered them with the netting, and we did the same thing with all the houses that we occupied. It was about 1882 that we first used wire screens. We had no idea that flies were dangerous, but my wife did not like them and it was much more comfortable not to have them. I now have no doubt that it was owing to this that our children never had summer complaints that children are so often subject to.—Ed.]

A BRIEF EPITOME OF THE FAMILY HISTORY

For the benefit of any descendant of Milo Warner, who may chance in the coming future to be present when in the disintegrations of time this cornerstone may be removed and this box now placed, we exposed to public gaze.

REALIZING as we have done from the first inception of this building, the grand and precious truths that "The Lord is our dwelling place in all generations," also "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it," we invoke His guidance, His help and His benediction in its entire construction, consecrating it from its foundation stones to its topmost finish, and asking that He may abide here, as the head and Father of whatever household may find shelter under its roof.

We also dedicate this building to the memory of our father, Milo Warner, and our mother, Lucina K. Sykes, who, in the winter of 1814, came from the marble mountains of Vermont to a little log house on these premises, where they made their home, reclaiming this land from the wilderness, enduring all the privations and hardships incident to pioneer life, and rearing their large family as best they could amid such environments.

The said Milo Warner taught the first or second school in this community. He established public worship and maintained it for many years in Strykersville. He opened the first three Sunday schools—one at Java Village, one at Strykersville and one at the schoolhouse near Mr. Frank Warner's in Wales—superintending them all

himself on the same day. By the inspiration and the help of God, he founded the Congregational Church at Straykersville, of which he was a deacon until his death in 1873; and the Concord Society, of which he was a trustee until the same time. He established the first temperance society, setting a solitary example of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks for an entire year amid the criticisms of his neighbors, who insisted that neither farm work nor raisings of buildings or the amenities of social life could be conducted without the use of those time-honored beverages.

Ten of his twelve children were born in the log house, and one, the youngest, in the then new but now old house. The first born died in its early infancy in Vermont. The ninth child, Chancey, died at nine months, October 14, 1827. Hiram, the eighth child, died at 17 years, January 14, 1848, and our precious mother entered into her rest July 20, 1848. Then for 30 years the circle remained unbroken, when our head and father at the age of 82 passed into the unknown May 1, 1878, leaving behind him nine children at that time, all married and living in their various homes from Brooklyn to Kansas and from Connecticut to Florida. The next who followed was the fifth child, Philetus M., who, after long years of suffering from rheumatism, died September 27, 1891, and our number then was eight on this side. Now our hearts are sore and bleeding from the recent death of our dearly beloved brother, Rev. J. K. Warner, which occurred at his residence in Burdette, February 12 of the present year, 1885, leaving our circle here narrowed to seven, while it broadens beyond.

About 35 years ago, when the family began to disintegrate, and new homes were builded for the migrating members, we established the practice of the annual meeting of all the members of the old homestead. This

was not only for the joy of the present occasion, but for the purpose of cementing and holding all the branches to the parent tree and to each other. For nine successive years we went without a missing grandchild even. Here we met, not only bringing our households, but our household histories for the year. These, with the growing years, were growing to quite a volume as they were recorded in our manuscript Annual. In this was given to every one added by birth or marriage a cordial greeting, while to every one called hence we recorded memorial tributes of love and remembrance.

At the first of these family gatherings we named our home, which was surrounded by trees, "Shadow Nook," a name which has been retained in the family ever since. In the progress of these meetings they have been graced with three weddings in three different years, and three silver weddings in three other different years, while other meetings have been saddened by absent faces and vacant chairs never to be filled again in this life. On all these occasions our earthly father was the human center and attraction of the circle, while we recognized our Heavenly Father as the heart and all-pervading presence and all-surrounding circumference of our household band.

To Him as to each other we brought our annual offerings of love and praise as we bowed at the altar of prayer which had been builded with the founding of the family. Thirty-six years ago Myron, the oldest son, returned to take charge of the farm for our father, who, a few years later, bought and built a small house in Straykersville, whither he went with our second mother so as to be free from care and nearer to church. But in later years he suffered much from rheumatism, and in his helplessness returned to finish his days in the dear old home where he had passed the earlier years of his married life, and from here he passed away.

Subsequently, by an arrangement with our father, Myron came into possession of the old homestead and his eldest daughter, Celestia, who was married to Andrew Sherman, came home with her husband and two children to share in the labors and the fruits of the farm, where the family, to which three more were added, resided for 15 years, though she received her summons five years ago and passed on, leaving a great void in the household.

Two years ago Mr. Sherman bought a part of the old farm and, taking his motherless children, went to keep house in his father's home with his eldest daughter, Mary, who is housekeeper and mother for the younger children. This mention is made of this grandchild, and not of others, only because of her long residence in this old home.

Of the original children now living, there are Myron, the oldest, whose home is here and who is present with his good wife, whom we all love; Mary S. Bryant, widow of Carson Bryant, now living in her new home at Currier's Corners; Cordelia W. Morrill (widow of the late Dr. Henry E. Morrill), who had passed several years in Brooklyn, N. Y., but who has returned and by purchase come into possession of what remained of the farm on the 1st of January of the present year, and who is now building this house; Philemon H., who lives in Springville, Erie County; Frances Thompson, residing with her family at Avon, Hartford County, Connecticut; Rev. Pliny Fisk, who is now at Havanna, Mason County, Illinois; and Orpha E. Potter, at Currier's Corners with her family.

We on this 22d day of May, 1885, commit this brief family history to the keeping of this cornerstone, praying that every descendent of Milo Warner, whose name this event commemorates, may so live as to honor him who is the author and father of C. W. MORRILL.

MYRON WARNER,

second child of Milo Warner, was born on the farm where his father settled in February, 1814, the 25th of July following. The 29th of August his father was drafted and had to go to Canada. That must have been a hard experience for a young mother with a babe only a month old to have her husband torn away from her, with but little assurance that he would ever return. No neighbors were nearer than three miles except her sister and brother-in-law, who were at that time living with them. Fortunately he was gone but a month, but returned so crippled with rheumatism that he could do but little and that with great pain, for two years after. The farm was about midway between the present villages of Java Village and Strykersville.

Myron worked on the farm at anything for which he was capable and boys and girls at that time began to work young. Winters he went to school, and his father was his teacher part of the time. The winter after he was 17 he began to teach school and taught nine winters. The winter after he was 20 he taught in the Friend district, which was the first district south of Java Village. One of his pupils that winter was a young woman from Massachusetts three years older than he. She had come from Massachusetts with one of her brothers who was moving to this section, to visit a brother who was already living in Java. She had been a worker in a Lowell cotton mill and after a year in the West returned there.

Mr. Warner and she kept up a correspondence, and in 1887 Mr. Warner went East and they were married at the home of her brother, Stephen Morse, in the little village of Holderness, N. H., Sunday, June 4th. Their ex-



MYRON WARNER, Age 90

periences for the next 25 years are very well related in his wife's story, written for their silver wedding. This found them living on the farm where he was born and where he continued to live till 1907.

About 1868 or '69, all of the children having left the old home, his daughter Celestia and her husband, Andrew Sherman, moved to the old place to live with them and assist in carrying on the farm. June 16, 1880, Lettie died, and a year later Andrew bought from his father-in-law the south part of the old homestead and went to live with his father and mother, who were living in the first house south. This part of the farm is still owned by Andrew's youngest son, Arthur. (1915.)

January 1, 1885, Mrs. C. W. Morrill, the second sister of Myron, purchased from him what he still owned of the old farm and the same year built on the same site as the old house a new one. The agreement in the purchase was that Myron and his wife were to have a home there as long as they lived. October 12, 1890, his wife died, and both he and his sister were very sick with dysentery. They both recovered and continued to carry on the farm till about 1903, when Wendall Warner, son of Philetus, bought the old place and removed there to take care of the old people.

October 5, 1906, Mrs. Morrill died, and in July following Myron went to Beloit, Wis., to live with his oldest son, Corydon. He lived in good health and the quiet enjoyment of life till February, 1909, when he appeared to have a slight cold and began to fail and died April 25, lacking just three months of being 95, and outliving all the other members of his family nearly three years. His body was buried in the cemetery at Strykersville.



PHILETUS M. WARNER

PHILETUS MILO WARNER,

the fifth child and second son of Milo Warner, was born April 14, 1829. As a child, I judge from what I have heard my father say, he was ambitious and impulsive. He had two goslings given to him when he was a small boy and he thought a good deal of them. And when the traveling preacher offered in jest to give his watch for them he thought it was not a fair trade, for the goslings were a good deal bigger than the watch. A year later, when the goslings had grown up, they both proved to be ganders and were very pugnacious and quarrelsome. They both pitched upon his and bit and whipped him with their wings and it had gone hard with if if some one had not driven them off. The next time the parson came around he was very willing to trade for the watch. The ganders were queer birds; they kept together and never mated and were usually good friends, but once from some unknown cause they had a falling out, and from opposite sides of the gate they fought till neither could stand. They were a terror to the cattle. They would catch them by the tails and compel them to drag them and when they stopped from weariness they would strike them with their wings to drive them on.

Boys at that time were early set to work. When Philetus was 7 and Myron 14, Myron was taking his first lessons in mowing and Philetus was spreading the grass. Myron complained of being tired. Philetus said: "Let me mow." Myron dropped the scythe and stepped back and Philetus jumped forward, caught up the scythe and swung it about, never touching the grass, but hit Myron's leg, cutting it gably, so that he was laid up nearly all summer. To pay for it Philetus had to mow some every day during the season.

He learned easily and taught school the winter after he was 16 years old. At that time the whip was consid-



DOLLY CROOK WARNER

ered necessary in school government, and it was not long before his father was called to get him out of trouble for whipping a boy as big as himself. How the matter was settled I do not remember.

I have heard him say that the most interesting school that he ever taught was one where he had to study every night to keep ahead of the class in some branch that he had never studied before. It was algebra, I think, and did not belong to the regular school course. He married when very young, we would think now, and soon had a large family to support. Agriculture at that time seemed the only business one could engage in. He took up some land back up on the hill east of his father's soon after his marriage, and was still living there when we moved to the old farm. He was very ambitious to get ahead and was very apt to overwork. This brought on dyspepsia. He thought if he had a more sedentary employment his health would be better, and about 1852 he learned the shoemaker's trade and started a shop. He found, however, that he could and did work as hard at the shoemaker's bench as at farming. For two or three years he was located at Java Village and then moved to Strykersville, where he remained as long as he lived.

Had he studied for some profession, waiting till later in life to marry, as did his two youngest brothers, I think he might have made for himself a name and fame, for he had naturally more ability than any of his brothers. He could not endure the Calvinistic belief of his father and early became a Universalist, and that rather estranged him from the rest of the family, all of whom believed in the doctrines of Calvin.

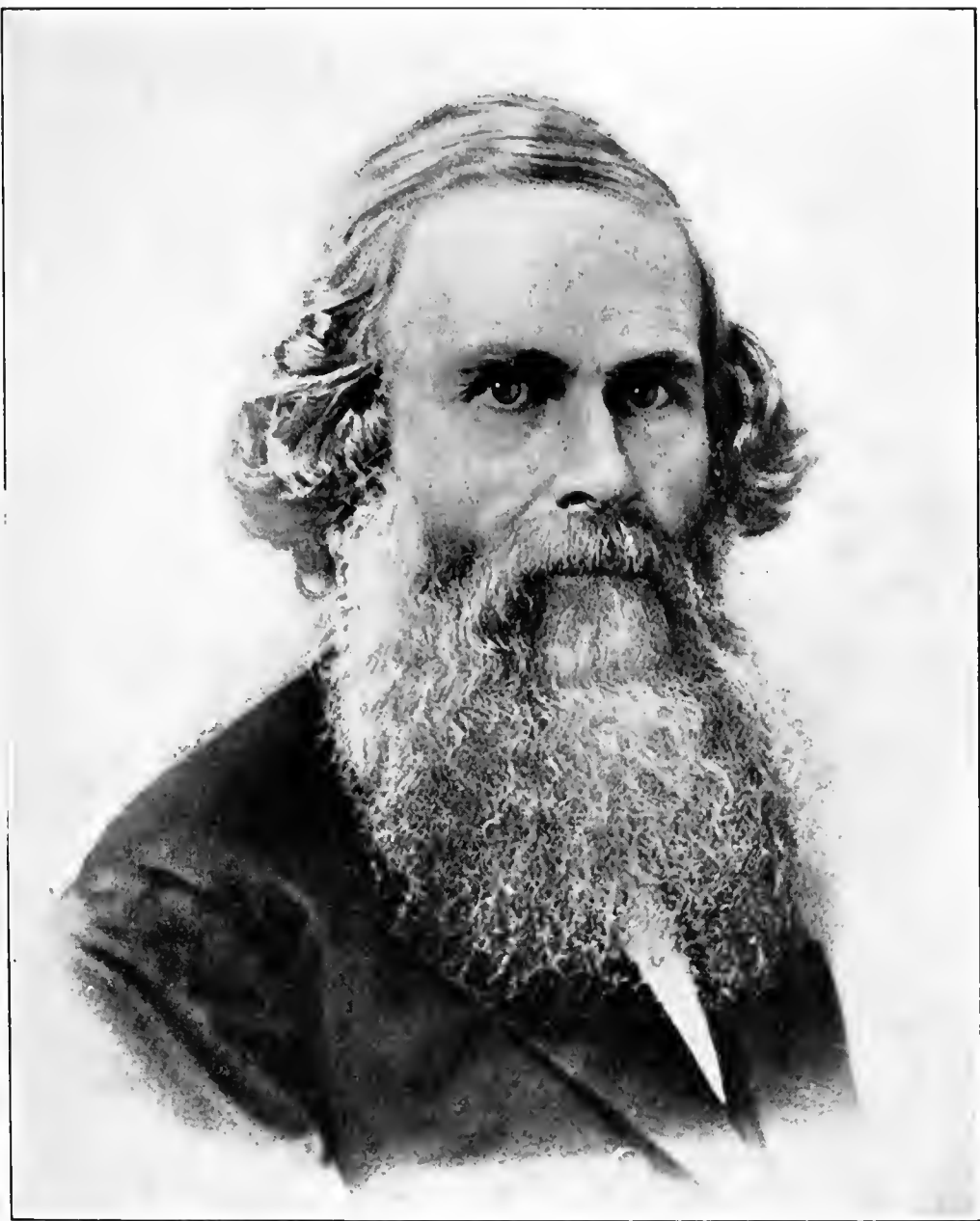
About 1862 the Congregationalist Church gave a call to Rev. Mr. Allen. Both Mr. Allen and his wife were graduates of Oberlin College. They were much liked by all of our family and also by Uncle Philetus

and his family. He was much more liberal in his views. The sermon which he preached at the funeral of cousin Helen was very consoling to uncle. From about 1870 he was a great sufferer from rheumatism and finally became almost helpless, but he was always cheerful and kept himself informed of passing events to the very last. He died September 27, 1881.

CORDELIA WARNER MORRILL,

the fourth child of Milo Warner, began teaching school at the age of 16. She taught first in the Stryker district, west of Strykersville,, second at Humphrey's Hollow, third in Wales, fourth in Bergen. She then began to think of going away to school and prepare herself more thoroughly for teaching, and made some preparation for going to Oberlin. Just then a classical school was opened at Strykersville and she remained at home and attended that. This was continued for a year, and when it was closed she was asked to open a select school at the same place, which she taught for several terms. Afterward she entered Leroy Seminary, but after two or three terms she was called home by the death of her mother. She expected to return later and finish her course, but a school was opened at Warsaw, taught by Miss Sill, afterwards president of the Rockford, Ill., female seminary. She was induced to go there, and there finished her school life, teaching at the same time the class in botany. She then went to Ellicottsville to teach in a school established by a Mrs. Cowles, the wife of the Presbyterian minister, who died during the first year of her study there.

She finished the year there, and then at the request of the inhabitants she moved to the center of the village and rented some rooms and taught a select school. She enlarged the program, taking not only young ladies but a



H. E. Morrill M.D.



L. M. Merrill

primary department for both sexes, for which she engaged a teacher; also a teacher for music and drawing. Later she taught a select school in Springville, Erie county. She came there at the solicitation of Mr. Dwight Needham. Later she taught a school at Strykersville, and about 1850 went to Brooklyn as a governess in the family of Mr. Thayer. While there she took for a short time the place of a teacher, who was ill, in the Packer Institute. In 1852 she became a regular teacher there, where she remained for 11 years until she was married to Dr. Henry E. Morrill on July 30, 1863.

He was a homeopathic physician, and an educated man. They were both members of Henry Ward Beecher's church, she as a teacher in the Sunday school and he the superintendent. He had been a classmate of Beecher's at Amherst. She was a friend of his late wife. He had one daughter at the time of their marriage, Annie E. Morrill, seven years old. She lived with him at his home, 78 Orange street, Brooklyn, opposite Plymouth Church, till his death, March 6, 1874. She was left the sole executor of his will and guardian of his daughter. From Jan. 1, 1878, she with her stepdaughter, traveled for a year and a half in Europe. After the daughter's marriage in June, 1880, she returned to Strykersville and bought the old home from her brother and lived there till her death, Oct. 3, 1906. Family ties were strong with her, and all of her brothers and sisters and some nephews were at some time financially assisted by her. And as long as she lived she kept in touch and informed about the members of the family. She was buried in Greenwood Cemetery beside her husband.

PHILEMON H. WARNER,

sixth child and third son of Milo Warner, was born Jan. 31, 1822. He married in January, 1845, Althea Mann.

She died Sept. 7, 1896, and he married Ama L. Lincoln, who survived him. He died Oct. 21, 1902. He had no children, and did not appear to wish any. I know of none of his nephews or nieces ever having made more than a very short visit at his house. Directly after his marriage he took up his residence in Springville, Erie County, New York, and lived there all the remainder of his life. His wife was a milliner and they engaged in that business and continued in it for many years. Just when they retired I do not know. He and his wife were members of the Presbyterian church and were much esteemed by the members thereof, and he left some property to the church.

In the fall of 1859 I went to school at Springville and boarded with him one term, about 3 months, paying for my board by doing chores. Besides the milliner store at that time he had a few acres of land outside the village and kept a couple of cows and sold the milk, so there was something that a boy could do to make himself useful. I do not think they greatly desired my company, for a year later I attended the school there two terms and boarded myself in a hired room in the village. He and his wife always attended the family gatherings, but only two little papers for the Annual were written by him and they were of no interest. He was better off financially than any other members of the family, but none of them would have been less missed than he. If he had had any children it might have been different. It may be that some of the citizens of Springville regarded him higher than his family did. I hope so. There was nothing to be said against his character. He only seemed to lack the attributes which drew the rest of the family so strongly together. Perhaps it was not his fault but his misfortune.

RECOLLECTIONS OF UNCLE JACOB KENT WARNER

I DO not remember much about uncle until after we moved to the old farm. I know that he taught school at Java Village and in the Friend district, and I presume in other places.

I remember a letter coming home to his sisters, Frances and Orpha, that winter or spring of 1850. The envelope was one that had been sent to him and he had turned it the other side out and used it again. The body of the letter was written on some scraps, and I think his sisters took it altogether as a joke. I remember their answering it much in the same way, using bits of paper to write the message on. I remember especially that one of the bits of paper used was a card on which there had been hooks and eyes and there was room on some of the lines for only a letter between the holes that were punched in it. The fact was, I suspect, that when he used the old envelope and the scraps of paper, he had nothing else to use and did not have the money to buy.

He had worked his way through college with but little help from home and against circumstances that few would attempt now. When he came home that summer and Uncle Fisk was about to go to Yale he told us something about the hard times he had experienced and hoped we would be able to make it easier for his brother. He did something himself in getting for Fisk the agency for the sale of books at the college for the Harper Brothers. He still had his way to make through the Theological school at Auburn.

He married, June 29, 1854, at Brooklyn, N. Y., Mary Anna Platt, and soon after came to Strykersville with his wife to visit his home there. I met him with the team at

Carson Bryant's, so I was the first one of the family to see her except Aunt Mary. He had for a short time a pastorate in Alleghany, N. Y., then at Burdett, N. Y., and later at Dundee. His wife was sick, threatened with consumption, and in the fall of 1859 he went to Wisconsin. Her health seemed to improve for a while when they first went there, but she died in December, 1864, leaving four children. The following summer they were all very sick with dysentery, which was epidemic in that section, and the youngest child, Mary, died and was buried beside her mother in the village cemetery at Clinton, Wis., his residence and pastorate at the time being at Johnstown.

In December, 1865, he married Elisebeth Webster Mason. She had taken care of his wife in her last sickness and of his children afterward. She was a lovely and educated woman and was loved by all who knew her. She came East with him and the children the summer of '66 and was present at the family gathering.

He suffered much from rheumatism, and thinking that he would be better in a warmer climate, he moved to Jacksonville in the fall of '66 or '67, built a large house there and kept boarders in the winter season. His health was much better for the change. His wife died there June 19, 1870. The following winter my sister, Emma, kept house for him.

In September, 1871, he married at Burdett, N. Y., Mary Louisa Brown. They continued to make their winter home at Jacksonville, usually spending the summers at Burdett until 1883, I think, when he sold his place in Jacksonville. He died at Burdett, Feb. 12, 1885.

He was a warm-hearted man, thought much of his father, his brothers and sisters and nephews and nieces. I owe him much for his assistance and advice when I lived in Jacksonville and for the care and trouble he took

in looking after and selling some property for me that I owned there.

P. F. WARNER

Uncle Fisk, like the rest of grandfather's children, taught school for some time; but how long or where I do not know, except that he taught one winter in the Friend district, the first south of Java Village. This I learned from Mr. James Eddy in the winter of 1913, who told me that he went to school to him there. He had prepared to enter college at Yale, New Haven, Conn., and it was just before his going that the family gathering was instituted and the custom of writing articles on any subject that seemed of interest to the writers and a sort of family history kept up. This was in August, 1851, and he entered college the next month and graduated in 1854. He then studied a year in the Yale Theological School. If I remember rightly, for one year after graduating he was in New York and Brooklyn in the employ of the Y. M. C. A., and two years at the Andover Theological Seminary. He was ordained pastor of the Congregational church at Stonington, Conn., Oct. 31, 1860. Was married at Mystic, Conn., April 27, 1863, and about the same time resigned his pastorate at Stonington and moved West.

He was pastor of the Congregation lachurch at Clinton, Wis., in 1865. How long he was there I do not know, but in 1871 and 1872 he was preaching in Aledo, Ill., and in 1875 at Fort Scott, Kansas. He and his wife were present at the family gathering at the old home in August, 1876, at which all of Milo Warner's children were present except Frances and her family. At this time he had no pastorate, but about the beginning of the year 1877 he had a call to Mattoon, Ill., and in July, 1878, he was still there, though he had sent in his resignation, which had not been accepted.

In notes in regard to the family, Nov. 24, 1881, Cordelia says P. F. has moved from Aledo to Havanna, Ill. I think he had been publishing a paper in Aledo and engaged in the same business in Havanna. In 1885 he was at the old home at the family gathering. He visited the World's Fair at Chicago in '93 and California in '94, and returned to Havanna in May of that year. He soon after moved to Peoria; did not engage in any business there, but occasionally supplied the pulpit of the Congregational church. He died there of heart failure, caused by a severe attack of cholera morbus, July 22, 1898.

OTHER RELATIVES

I think it will interest all to know something about the relatives on grandmother's side. Sarah (Aunt Sally) Sykes married Lemuel Paul and came to Western New York at the same time with Milo Warner. Their children were Cyrus L.; Homer; Darius, who was a Baptist minister; Sally, who died young; Betsy, who married Joseph Westover; Julia, who married Samuel Woodworth, and Eliza, who married a Mulvaney.

I was acquainted with only Cyrus and Homer. Cyrus married Rachel Proper. They lived together over 60 years just north of Java Village. Their children were Hiram, Sarah, Lemuel, Orrin, Rosa, Cyrus Jr., Elmer and Rachel. Homer, Lemuel and Orrin served in the civil war.

Diantha Sykes married Moses Smith. Their children were Clarinda, Adelia, Oscar, Demetrius, Sarah and Stevens. Clarinda married Damon Bryant, brother of Carson Bryant. Their children were Emily, who married Cass Twiss, and Willie and Martha, who died young. Oscar married Jean Dickson. He had one daughter, who married Augustus Lyford, and a son, who died when about fifteen years old, named Edward Moses. Demetrius

married Helen Baldwin, who is now living in San Francisco with her oldest son, Harry Smith, who is the sporting editor of the Chronicle; another son, F. Holmes, lives not far from them. Stevens married Levantia Griggs. Their children were Grace; Martha; Bessie, who married W. Floyd Harris; Sara; Levantia, who married Horace Blackmer; Edward, who married Elizabeth McCutcheon; Ellsworth, who married Mildred Woolley; Helen, and Ruth, who married Le Verne Hyde.

Adelia and Sarah Smith were never married. All of the older family are dead. Stevens enlisted in Company H, 44th New York, September, 1861; was discharged December 1862, for disability; enlisted again in 1864, and served to the end of the war. He did not enlist because of a love for a soldier's life, but from a stern sense of duty.

OUR SONS OF MARS

AS Omri Warner was a soldier in the Revolutionary war, it will be interesting to notice how many of his descendants have been soldiers.

Milo was the only one that took part in the war of 1812. He was drafted and served in Canada from Aug. 29 to Sept. 24, 1814, not quite a month, but he contracted disease that made him a cripple for two years.

In the War of the Rebellion, Marcellus Warner, son of Hyman Warner, was killed at Vicksburg. Adna Milo Warner, son of Philetus, though but 16 years old, enlisted in the fall of 1864; was taken prisoner in the first battle he was in, and died in prison in Saulsbury, S. C., Jan. 15, 1865.

Adoniram Judson Warner, son of Levi, enlisted in the Tenth Pennsylvania Reserves; was elected captain of his company; was promoted to colonel; was severely wounded at Antietam in September, 1862. Though unable to get about without crutches, he joined his regiment as it passed through Washington on the way to Gettysburg and was in that battle. Was sent that fall to Indianapolis by President Lincoln as counsel in the trials of the Knights of the Golden Circle, a traitorous organization, and lived there two years. After the close of the war he removed to Marietta, Ohio, and engaged in the oil business. Was member of Congress, 1870 to 1881. The last ten years of his life was spent in Northern Georgia, where he was interested in gold mines at Chute and Dahlonga, in an electric street railway at Gainesville, Ga., and power plants near there. He sold out there and returned to Marietta about six months before his death, in August, 1910.

George Stryker, a grandson of Betsy Hollister Warner Clift, served three years, if I remember rightly, in the 104th New York Infantry.

C. O. Warner, grandson of Milo, served three years in the 44th New York Infantry.

Three nephews of Mrs. Sophia Morse Warner served in the War of the Rebellion. Willis and Perry Morse, sons of Jacob Morse, were three years in the 44th New York. Willis was wounded at the battle of Hanover Courthouse and at Gettysburg and wounded and captured May 8, 1864, at Laurel Hill, Va., but was recaptured two or three days later by Sheridan's cavalry. His wounds were all scalp wounds and not serious; but they were certainly close calls. Charles Morse, son of Willis Morse, enlisted in the 44th and, after a year's service, was discharged for disability. Later he again enlisted and again was discharged for the same cause. Again he enlisted in another regiment and served to the end of the war. When returning his ramrod with his hand above his head the first joint of his right forefinger was cut off by a bullet.

Jared F. Sykes enlisted Sept. 10, 1861, at the age of 45 in Captain Howland's Battle Creek Engineers. He was mustered in at St. Louis, Mo., and attached to the signal service under General Fremont. He was mustered out with honorable discharge Jan. 8 1862.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS IN THE LIFE OF C. O. WARNER

I WAS born about one-half mile south of the little village of Java, known at that time as Currier's Corners, from the name of a man who kept a store there. The owner of the house in which I was born was Moses Smith, and his wife was Aunt Diantha, a sister of my grandmother. When I can first remember we were living on the hill about one and a half miles southwest of Java Village. We were then living in a log house of but one room, I think, though there was afterward a lean-to room built on the back of it, but I do not remember when it was built. There was a large fireplace on the south end of the room and a door on the east side, which faced the road. In the northwest corner was a bedstead which, when not in use, was folded up and fastened against the wall. I think, though, that this was a later acquisition, as I remember there was a trundle bed under father's and mother's, in which three children slept.

Father was cutting down trees and clearing the land (he moved onto the place in March, 1844), and it must have been the winter after we moved there that a young heifer was killed by a falling tree and was put upon a sled and drawn to the house. I remember going out to look at her and being frightened by her staring eyes. Our cooking was done over the wood fire in the fireplace, in pots and kettles hung from the crane, and pancakes were baked on a griddle hung in the same way. Biscuits were baked in a pan set on coals in front of the fire and the heat reflected on to the top of them from the bright tin of the Dutch oven. Afterwards we had a brick oven built

out of doors under a shed for baking bread. When I was about 7 years old we got our first cooking stove.

When I was five years old and my oldest sister three, the ax was the tool I saw the most of, and I wanted one. There was an old one that father was not using, and he said I might have it. It was as much as I could do to lift it, to say nothing of chopping; but I tried to. I thought it was dull and wanted my sister to turn the grindstone so that I could grind it, but she was not tall enough to reach the crank. So I placed the ax on the frame and asked her to hold it while I turned the stone. At the first revolution the ax fell from the frame and a corner of it, which must have been pretty sharp, cut off the big toe of her left foot. Only a little bit of skin holding it to the foot. We screamed and mother ran out and picked sister up. I remember distinctly how she held sister with her left arm while she placed the toe in position and told me to run for father, which I did with all my might. Together they bound the toe in place and then father went for the doctor. He came and examined it and said they had done so well that he thought it best not to undo it. It healed very quickly and she never was lamed by it at all after it was fully healed. I was going to school that summer and this happened Saturday afternoon, when there was no school.

In these days of automobiles I think a conveyance, that I remember of going to church in, would attract more attention than the latest model. It was a sled made of two stoneboat planks about a foot wide, held in place the proper distance apart by pieces of wood pinned with wooden pins across, and a box on it to sit on and drawn by a pair of oxen. Such a sled was drawn easily over snow or mud, but not on dry ground. It would not have been thought odd at that time. Father never had a horse while we lived on that place, but he had a pair of oxen



C. O. WARNER, 1868

that would trot as fast as many horses. One night, as I was crossing the creek on the bridge while going home from school, when I was 5 or 6 years old, my hat blew off into the creek, and though the older boys tried to get it it was carried off and lost and I had to go home bare-headed. There have been two school houses built on the ground where I used to go to school, but the old grist mill that was then in use is still standing and grinding the farmers' grists.

Father used to get a horse from grandfather to plow our corn and potatoes, and I remember my first experience in handling a horse. I was sent to grandfather's to get one. The horse was harnessed and I was put on his back to ride him home. I was not over seven years old and had never been on the back of a horse before, and I knew nothing about handling a horse; but I got home with it some way and rode it to plow out the corn.

We had but few books and papers in those days. Father's youngest sister was taking a new magazine, called the "Youth's Cabinet." Father brought it home and read it to me. The editor described the wonders of the magnet. Not long afterward, as we were going home from school, we stopped in a blacksmith's shop and the smith was showing us a tool to which pieces of iron would adhere. I asked, "Is that a magnet?" The boys laughed and jeered at me and for some time after called me Magnet. I was always asking questions about everything that I saw, which is not unusual in children; but father was more inclined to try to answer my questions intelligently than many fathers are.

When I was about six years old I went down to grandfather's from school one day noon. I suppose I was told to go, but I do not remember; but I do remember what happened. I was taken upstairs into the south room. Aunt Orpha and two other aunts were there.

Aunt Orpha's arm was bared and there was a large scab on it. A needle was run under it and my arm was scratched with the needle. Whether the vaccination worked or not I do not remember.

At noon in summer-time we used to go down to the creek and go in swimming. I remember the first time I really swam. Harvey Reed, who was some 7 or 8 years older than I, took me out in the stream where the water was over my head and told me to paddle for shore, which I did, and found I could swim. Reed was afterward prosecuting attorney of Chicago, and one of the lawyers defending Guiteau, the assassin of Garfield.

Reading and spelling were about all the studies that the small children were taught. We were aligned with our toes to a crack in the floor and the words pronounced for us to spell, beginning at the head of the class. If a word was misspelled it was passed to the next one in the class till it was spelled correctly; then that scholar would go above all that had misspelled. One teacher that I remember used to give a cent to the scholar that left off at the head at night. There were two or three girls that almost always got the pennies, but I was once so fortunate.

I remember well, hearing father and a neighbor talking of the death of General Taylor and the succession of Fillmore to the Presidency, and as that occurred in the summer of 1849, I was then 8 years old. The same summer at church one Sunday there was a strange boy in grandfather's pew. I learned that his name was Franklin Fox, and that he had been taken from the orphan asylum at Rochester by grandfather and was to live with him. He was about the same age as I, but not quite so large or strong. He had a good ear for music, and I remember one time when I was there he sat down a pail

that he was carrying and sang "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."

All of grandfather's children had married and gone away, and he wished my father to come and live on the farm with him. So in January, 1850, we did so. Franklin stayed with us the following summer, and the next winter went to live with Uncle Smith, at Curriers' Corners. He stayed there till he was about 18 years old, when he went away and nothing more was heard from him till 1862 or 1863, when my sister received a letter from him. He was in an Illinois regiment on Morris Island, near Charleston, S. C.

The summer after we moved there I went to school at Java Village. Mary, a daughter of Hyman Warner, was the teacher. I also went to school at Strykersville to a Miss Paxon—a select or private school. A sun picture of this school was taken grouped on the steps of the Congregational meeting-house. It was one of the earliest group pictures taken by that process called a daguerreotype. My Aunts Fanny and Orpha were often my teachers, both at home and at school. Looking back now, it seems to me that the years from 1851 to 1861 were the most interesting ones of my life. I have no records, so that I cannot tell with certainty what years certain events took place; but I remember them very distinctly. One winter Aunt Fanny and Aunt Orpha taught the school at Java Village and my two sisters and one brother and myself attended the school. If the weather was bad, father always took us to school and came after us at night. Father was desirous of giving us all the advantages of school that he could. We had to work when out of school, the girls in the house helping mother with the housework, and I with the farm work; but we were never overworked, and we had many pleasures.



MRS. C. O. WARNER, 1868

Books and papers were not as plentiful as now and money was not as plentiful, but I am inclined to think we were about as well off. Father objected to novel reading, but a novel at that time was any book with paper covers. Many books now bound in cloth are quite as poor as the paper-bound books of those days. I liked to read stories, but when there was a class in natural philosophy which I was not considered old enough to join, when I could get hold of the book I read it with more interest than stories.

I was always interested in things mechanical. It was the summer of 1850 that I first went to Buffalo. Father and Uncle Philetus were going down with a load of hay to sell, and to buy some things needed. We started very early and stopped at the North Star Hotel for breakfast. We stopped again at Springbrook at the bucket factory. The machinery was driven by a steam engine, the first I had ever seen. Uncle explained to me how the steam made it move.

I remember my first view of the lake. The city did not then hide the lake, as it does now. It looked to me to be higher than where we were, which was but little higher than the lake. We could hear the exhaust of a high-pressure steamboat engine and I inquired what it was. Father took me down to the wharves to see the steamboats and shipping. At that time there was but one telegraph wire coming into Buffalo. I do not remember seeing any railroad locomotives on that visit, though there were two railroads at Buffalo at that time.

A year later my mother visited friends in the East, and when she returned father took me and my two oldest sisters to Attica to meet her, and there I saw a locomotive, and also a hand organ and a monkey.

In these days of conservation of forests, the destruction of timber that was common till I was 16 years old

can hardly be imagined. As the labor of cutting down large trees was great they were often girdled. That is, a notch was cut through the bark all around the tree. This soon caused its death. Then the ground under the trees was planted to corn or sown to grass seed for pasture. There were several acres of such girdlings on the farm of grandfather in 1851. There was also some 20 acres of meadow on which the stumps were so thick that the hay had to be raked by hand. Of course it had to be mown by hand, as there were no mowing machines at that time; but we had horse rakes.

I remember seeing father cut down the trees on a piece of land when we lived on the hill. He partly cut three trees in a row, then cut a fourth one till it fell against the next one and that against the next till all four were down in one crash. They were all large trees. Such a cutting was called a slashing. I do not remember seeing that burned off, but I remember helping or, thinking I helped to pile the logs after it was burned. I remember hearing Uncle Philetus tell about burning such a field. It had been cut in July, when in full leaf and lain till late in August and the leaves were perfectly dry and still hanging to the limbs. Then one day, when there was no wind, two men took torches and starting near together, walked or ran around the field in opposite directions, setting fire to the leaves as they ran. Though there was no wind when they started, before they got around it was blowing a gale from all directions, caused by the draft made by the flames that rose to a great height. The smaller limbs and branches were thus burned and afterwards the bodies were cut and piled and burned. The timber then had no value; it was only in the way. No one at that time would have thought it possible that 60 years later we would be using timber brought from Oregon.

In the summer of 1856, when Uncle Fisk came home for vacation from Yale College, he brought with him Baxter Merwyn, a classmate. That was the summer of the first campaign of the Republican party. All of our folks except Uncle Philetus were Republicans, as was Merwyn. I was old enough to be as much interested in the matter, and perhaps as intelligently as most. It thrilled us to hear Merwyn sing to the Marseillaise: "To Arms! To Arms! Ye Braves. And Let Your War Cry Be, Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men, Fremont and Liberty." This is only the chorus.

Besides the Republican and Democratic parties there was the American party, of which Millard Filmore was the candidate. That party advocated that only persons born in the United States should be allowed to vote. It got, that year, 21.57 per cent of the total vote. It was revived in '76, but got only .03 per cent; and again in 1880, but got only .01 per cent. I had supposed that '56 was the only time the party had a ticket until I began looking it up preparatory to writing this. Our adopted citizens proved themselves too patriotic during the civil war to make such a party popular.

During the winter of 1857 and 1858 I, with all of father's children, attended the district school at Java Village. Our teacher was George W. Mead, from Wethersfield, in the same county. James Barber, who was about three years older than I, was my seatmate and in the same classes with me. James went to Marengo, Ill., the following summer and in the spring of 1861 enlisted at the first call for troops. Later he went to Missouri and died there early in the summer.

In the fall of 1858 there was the most beautiful comet ever seen. It was visible for nearly a month. That fall I went to school at the academy in Springville and

boarded at Uncle Philemon's. The following winter I taught school in Wales in the school house opposite the place where Uncle Hyman used to live. His oldest son, Francis, owned the place then. I had \$12 a month and boarded round; that is, I boarded with the families in the district according to the numbers of scholars that attended the school. The school house was wrecked by a landslide about 1890.

During the following summer I worked with father on the farm. June 9th that summer there was a hard frost. On the afternoon of the 8th it snowed. Apples were as large as hickory nuts and were frozen so that they all fell off. Corn that was up was frozen to the ground and had to be replanted. The grass was so injured by the frost that the hay crop was hardly worth cutting. It made hard times for the farmers and everybody else.

Henry Hogan worked for us that summer, and in the fall we went to school together at Springville and boarded ourselves. We rented a room and took our provisions from home. The winter term I occupied the same room with another young man. I paid for my tuition by ringing the bell and sweeping one of the school rooms and paid for my room by sawing and splitting wood. My studies were Latin and Greek, Surveying and Constitution of the United States. I was thinking of preparing for college, but for what purpose I had not decided. I had no inclination for the ministry, which my two uncles who had graduated from the college had entered, nor law or medicine, and those were the only professions college graduates were supposed to enter at that time.

The summer of 1861 I worked on the farm with father, and September 17th, with six other young men, I left Strykersville for Albany to enlist in the People's Ellworth Regiment. It was afterwards known as the

44th. We were drilled in Albany till the 21st of October, when we started for Washington, where we arrived about 1 a. m., the 25th. That night we encamped on Kalorama Heights.

While in camp there Sunday, the 27th of October, I saw for the first time President Lincoln and Secretary of State William H. Seward. The next day we marched to Hall's hill in Virginia, and encamped. Here we remained all winter, and were drilled and taught the duties of a soldier, keeping guard in camp and going on picket, as we were not far from the enemy. On the 9th of March, 1862, we advanced on the rebel works at Centerville, but found them deserted and after camping there a few days we returned to Alexandria and taking boats to Fortress Monroe, moved up the peninsula to Yorktown and sat down to besiege it. We arrived in front of the works April 5th. We made camp and drilled and worked in the trenches and went on picket; but there was very little fighting, only some artillery firing.

The 29th of April one man in our company was killed by a piece of shell; he was the only man hurt in our regiment during the siege. May 4th we found the place evacuated and the army at once started in pursuit. Our regiment was left to guard the town for several days. On the 20th of May we went by boat up the York and Pamunkey rivers to the White House landing, and from there marched to the Gaines farm on the Chickahominy river.

On the night of the 26th the regiment was ordered out, but I was on camp guard and did not go. They met a force of the enemy and had a hard battle. Thirty-one of the regiment were killed or died of wounds and 53 wounded. The regiment returned to camp and we remained in the same place till the 27th of June, when the battle of Gaines Mill was fought, and just at night I was

taken prisoner. Besides myself the orderly sergeant and one other man from my company, and two others from the regiment were taken. We were at once started on the march for Richmond, where we arrived soon after daylight the next morning.

I remained a prisoner in Libby and on Belle Island till the 5th of August, when we were exchanged and returned to the regiment at Harrison's Landing, where we arrived the next day. The regiment was on picket across the river and returned the 10th. The next day the orderly sergeant detailed me to report at headquarters, and it proved to be for the ambulance corps, in which I served for the next two years, till my discharge.

The 15th of August the army started on the march from Harrison's Landing and on the 19th reached Newport News. The regiment embarked the same evening, but I was left with the ambulances and did not get off till the 22nd, arriving at Aquia creek the next day. We remained there at anchor till the 26th, when we unloaded the ambulances, and went into camp half a mile from the landing. There we remained till the 30th, when we again loaded the ambulances on to a boat and went to Alexandria, where we arrived and unloaded the next day a little after dark. The next morning at 2 we started for Centreville, where we arrived a little after noon, took on a load of wounded from the battlefield of Bull's Run and started back. We came near being captured by a detachment of the enemy, but they were repulsed and in the engagement Generals Kearney and Stevens were killed. We got into Alexandria the morning of September 2nd, and left our wounded and went into camp.

We stayed about Alexandria and Fort Corcoran, visited Washington and had an easy time till October 2nd, when we started on the march up through Maryland to Antietam. As we had been detained at Washington for

repairs on ambulances and there were no troops moving with us, there were no sick or wounded to carry, so we could ride and the trip was as pleasant as a gypsy excursion. We camped near Shepherdstown October 4th and I went to the regiment and got my letters. Our regiment was not engaged in the battle of Antietam, which occurred on the 17th of September, and yet on the 7th of October the field was still a horrible sight. Our army lost in that one day's fight 12,410 and the Confederates 12,601.

We remained in camp about Antietam till October 31st. From the 12th to the 25th I was sick with chills and fever in the hospital most of the time, but able to be up every other day. That is, I would be sick one day and the next feel pretty well. On October 31st we left Sharpsburg and crossed the Potomac the same day at Harper's Ferry and moved down through the valley of Virginia. During this march the ambulance I was with was attached to the Fifth Massachusetts battery.

Monday, November 10th, General McClellan bid adieu to the Army of the Potomac. He had been relieved of his command and never more served in the army. He was greatly admired by the soldiers, but was not the man for the place. We remained with the battery till November 30th, when we were ordered back to the corps. We were then near Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg. December 4th we moved camp into a pine grove and four of us set to work to make us a comfortable hut of the pine logs, which were small. We remained in this camp till December 11th, when we moved out to take care of the wounded from the battle of Fredericksburg, which occurred December 13th and 14th, the whole army returning to the Falmouth side of the river on the 15th. Those three nights the members of the ambulance corps had hard work caring for the wounded. We returned to our

camp and were very comfortable till January 20th, when we were ordered out, but went only three miles. It rained all the time and the army was stuck in the mud. We returned to our camp on the 23rd and found everything had been carried off but the log walls of our cabin. We fixed it up again and remained in the same camp till May 1st.

April 7th the President visited the camp and I saw him. Friday, May 1st, we moved to United States ford and the next day crossed the river. There was fighting going on all that day and three days following, but not much May 5th. That night we recrossed the river and returned to our camp. This was known as the battle of Chancellorsville. There were but six men in our regiment wounded. The ambulance corps remained in the same camp until May 29th, though the troops moved to a new camp on the 20th. We stayed in that vicinity till June 9th, when we marched to Manassas, where we arrived on the 15th. We moved north and crossed the Potomac at Edwards Ferry, June 26th. Passed through Fredrick City, Md., the 29th. July 1st at Hanover, Pa. July 2nd we came within three miles of Gettysburg, and about 3 p. m., our division became engaged and had a hard battle, which lasted till dark, and we lost many men. The ambulance corps was up all night taking care of the wounded, and the next day we moved them back a mile further. There was a tremendous cannonade about 3 p. m. the 3rd, but I was not where I could see Pickett's charge, which followed.

There was a very heavy thunder shower about 10 a. m. the next day, and it rained all night and the next day. In this battle our regiment had 34 killed, 72 wounded and 2 captured. July 7th we marched south and west toward Sharpsburg. The 13th I found we were near the Tenth Pennsylvania reserves, whose colonel

I knew to be named Warner, and I thought him to be a cousin of father. So I went to make his acquaintance, and found he was the man I supposed.

The next morning we found the rebs had escaped across the river, and the 17th we crossed. As we marched down the valley we found lots of ripe blackberries. The 27th we were at Warrenton. We camped in that vicinity till the 17th of September, nothing of interest occurring except that on August 29th five men were executed for desertion. They had made a practice of enlisting for the bounty and then deserting, and the practice was demoralizing the army.

September 17th we moved nearer Culpepper. October 14th we were again at Manassas Junction. October 31st we made camp in a hickory grove, and later made several other short movements for which a private soldier could see no object, till finally we made a permanent camp near Rappahannock Station and built us a comfortable hut with a fireplace, for the winter. Four of us occupied this place—George W. Arnold, John C. Thrall, Charles F. Signourney and myself. There were besides from our regiment Sergeant Darwin, F. Godfrey, James S. Pearce, John H. Smith, Eli Hunt, and one other man, whose name I cannot recall. There were two other tents or huts for the squad, but ours was much the best. We put the labor on it. Any of them might have had as good if they had chosen to work for it. We built one cabin before that which would have been as good if we had stayed long enough to finish it, but we occupied it but one night before we moved. All of us put together and built quite a large cabin with a fireplace in one end and table and benches, where we could sit to eat our meals, doing our cooking at the fireplace. Arnold and I cooked, Thrall washed the dishes, Smith brought the water and the other man, whose name I cannot remember, cut the wood.

Pearce acted as commissary. We drew each day a loaf of soft bread baked in the capital bakery at Washington. We also drew supplies of salt pork and fresh beef twice a week, sugar, coffee, salt, candles and soap, and occasionally some vegetables. We sent money to a brother of Arnold in New York, and he bought and sent to us a firkin of butter. We also bought condensed milk by the case, so that it cost us but 18c a can, for which the sutler charged 50c to 75c a can.

We none of us cared for salt pork, but we fried out the lard and used it to fry cakes in and to shorten pie crust, and though our meals might not seem dainty to refined appetites, yet we thought we lived well. And I dare say there are people who never live as well as we did that winter.

The regiment was camped a little way farther up the river, but January 21st it was ordered to Alexandria to guard the trains on the railroad, and every day some of them came out past the camp and brought us our mails. A few times I went to the city to visit the regiment or buy things and see the sights. We had some books and papers. I had some German books and studied that language a little. I always wrote at least one letter a week home. So the winter passed very quickly and pleasantly.

The regiment returned to the front April 29, 1864, and May 1st we left our winter's camp never to return to it again. We crossed the Rapidan river the 4th and about 2 p. m. camped near the house where Stonewall Jackson died. The 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th our regiment was engaged and lost heavily—155 killed, wounded and missing in these four days. Three officers and 20 men were recaptured and returned to the regiment by Sheridan's cavalry May 26th. There was fighting nearly every day till June 16th, when we crossed the James river and advanced on Petersburg. From May 1st to this time the

losses of the Union army amounted to 55,000 men. Our regiment was not engaged in the first attack on Petersburg, and after a short time it settled down to a siege.

The night of June 18th our regiment had thrown up some breastworks. In the morning some of the men incautiously showed their heads, and three were instantly killed. Then they became cautious and no more were hit. After awhile the pickets became friendly, and both sides refrained from shooting; or if they were ordered to fire told their opponents, so they might make themselves safe.

A mile or so to the right of us there was no such truce. A mine was being run under a fort opposite and it was necessary to keep them distracted lest they find it out. Two of the ambulance men were at the front all the time; but we changed off, one week at the front, the next back at the train. There was but little to do at either place, but while at the front we must stay there, but when at the train we were more at liberty, and could go and visit other regiments. The ambulance men were much freer than the men in the ranks. The fort was blown up July 30th, and our men rushed into it; but it was recaptured with severe loss to us. I became so accustomed to cannonading that often it would not disturb me at all at night.

Saturday, September 24th, our regiment went to City Point and at 2 p. m. embarked on a steamboat for home. We got to Washington a little before noon Monday; took the cars a little after noon for Baltimore, and arrived there at 5; got our supper, marched across the city to the other depot and took the cars for Philadelphia, arriving there a little after sunrise. Got breakfast at the Soldiers' Rest, crossed the river to Camden, and took the cars for Jersey City, where we arrived about 4 p. m. Crossed to New York by ferry and got supper at the Soldiers' Rest. I then went over to Brooklyn and spent

the night with my aunt. The next day we took the cars for Albany. Arriving there at 3 p. m., I was detailed to guard the baggage, and was not relieved till 10 p. m.

The next morning, Friday, September 30th, we went to the arsenal and turned in our arms and were told we could go where we pleased until the next Thursday. So I took the boat to New York and again went to my aunt's. The next day I went to hear Henry Ward Beecher, and was introduced to him. Monday evening went to the theater with Comrade Godfrey. Grandfather was at aunt's and she told him that I had been to an entertainment the night before. She did not dare tell him that I had been to a theater, because he would not like it.

I returned by boat to Albany early Thursday morning to learn that our discharge papers would not be ready till the following Tuesday. I was greatly disappointed, but Comrade Thrall invited me to go with him to his father's, near Carlisle, Schoharie county, about 30 miles from Albany. I was very glad to accept his invitation and had a very pleasant visit with his folks. We returned to Albany and were mustered out. The next day we received our pay, and that evening left for Buffalo. We arrived there the next day, Thursday, October 18th, and found Eri Balcom there from Strykersville. Reuben Fox and I engaged a ride with him to that place. His team was very slow and we did not get home till after dark. Our folks were glad enough to see us and sent Brother Will to take Fox to his home, five miles farther south. The next morning I helped to milk the cows, the first time in three years and then went up to the village.

Thursday, October 20th, my oldest sister was married at the family gathering. She had been my most constant corerspondent the three years I had been in the army. Always every letter from home had at least been partly written by her. I fell at once into the old habit of

farm work. That November I voted for Lincoln for President, it being the first vote I had ever cast. I was quite content the following winter and summer with the farm work and rural entertainments. The war was progressing favorably, and Lee had surrendered at Appomattox.

We were milking in the barn, it must have been the evening of April 15th, when Reuben Moore, our neighbor, came in and said: "Lincoln's SHOT!" It was almost as much of a shock to us as it would have been to have heard that one of our family had been killed. Before the Fourth of July all the boys who had been in the service were home, and I think that Fourth of July celebration meant more to us than any we had ever before attended.

Sister Emma went that summer to live with Aunt Cordelia in Brooklyn, and the following winter I went to visit them and also Aunt Frances in Connecticut. The next fall I had become rather tired of the monotony of the farm, and I wrote to A. J. Warner, father's cousin, asking him if he could give me work in the oil fields of West Virginia in which he was operating. Rowland Smith, who was also a cousin of Warner on his mother's side, had been out there. He had become interested, had procured a lease and proposed to put down a well, having asked his neighbors to go in with him in the project. I took \$100 in it, and probably that had something to do with my going. The well proved a dry one, so that did not add to my wealth; but the trip had a great deal to do with my life afterward.

My first work in the oil regions was to run an engine pumping an oil well. The well belonged to the Warner Petroleum Mining Co., of which A. J. Warner was president. I had no practical knowledge of running a steam engine, but some idea of the theory. The young

man who was running the engine claimed to know all about it. He said: "What I do not know about an engine is not worth knowing." I soon came to the conclusion that what he knew was very little. The feed pump was not working well and he stopped the engine and took it apart to try to fix it, but could find nothing the matter with it, and after putting it together it worked no better. He took it apart again, but could not see the trouble; but I saw what I thought it was. The plunger of the pump was horizontal and was worked by a cam on the main shaft. There were two valves, one above the other, the lower the inlet and the upper the discharge. I noticed that when I raised the lower valve it also raised the upper, and I came to the conclusion that the upper valve seat had worked down. I told him so. He said that was the way the pump was made, and he guessed the makers knew more about it than I did. How it worked at all I could not see, but by thumping it we kept water in the boiler. The next time I came on watch I took the pump apart without stopping, a thing he said could not be done; drove up the upper valve seat and wedged it fast with a sliver of iron, put it together, and it worked all right. He was mystified when he came on watch again. Why was the pump working steadily when before it would hardly work at all? I did not tell him. He got drunk and then Warner took my advice and discharged him.

With the help of J. M. Widdows I later undertook the running of the wells. Jake did not pretend to know anything about running an engine, but he had been working about the wells for a year and was much more intelligent than the other fellow. He and I afterwards undertook the pumping of the two wells at Twin Lick and the two at Mount's farm by contract. We furnished everything and were paid by the barrel for what they pro-

duced, earning more than we had at monthly wages.

I had charge of the Mount's farm wells, and while there boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Pratt. She was a sister of Dr. C. C. Warner's wife. Their daughter was a widow, married at the age of 16, and two years later her husband died of diphtheria. She was a year younger than I. After nearly two years' acquaintance we were married at the home of Dr. Warner, December 24, 1868.

This I consider the most important event of my life, and I have never regretted it. At the time of our marriage her folks were living at Sand Hill, but soon after they sold out there and removed to Wisconsin. I was working on one of the wells at Sand Hill and hurt my right hand, slightly it appeared at first, but it developed a bad felon and I was unable to use it at all for three months or more. As I could not work and my deafness appeared to be increasing, we thought it a good plan to go to New York and consult a specialist. While I remained a few weeks in Brooklyn at my aunt's for treatment, my wife visited her friends in Connecticut. Later I also went there and we visited my Aunt Fanny at Avon, same state. Then we went to Onondaga county, N. Y., and visited relatives of my wife and then to my father's, where we met many others of my relatives at the family gathering.

Uncle Jacob was there; he had been living in Florida the past three years, and from him we first heard of that old-new country. The latter part of August or the first of September we arrived in Clinton, Wis., and stopped with father and mother Pratt. I found employment for awhile running the engine in a feed and planing mill. Later we visited my wife's uncle at Darlington and friends in Rockford and Beloit. There did not seem to be any good opening for employment for me in Clinton, so we determined to go to Florida and look at that country.

We proposed to go via Marietta and New York, and as Uncle Jonathan Irish wished to visit friends in both places he went with us. We had a pleasant visit with the cousins in Marietta, then went to New York and sailed from there to Savannah and thence to Jacksonville by rail.

We stayed with Uncle Jacob till March, while I built a house on some lots which I bought, uncle loaned me the money to buy till I could dispose of some oil which I had bought while it was very low and was storing for a raise, a speculation that fortunately for me turned out well. I had (if I remember rightly) paid about \$150 for 100 barrels of oil and sold it later for \$1000.

We moved into our house about the middle of March. Our oldest son was born there April 18, 1870. Uncle Jacob had a large house and in the winter kept boarders. In summer he often closed his house and went north. That summer they remained in Jacksonville. His wife, the second, was not well; she suffered with heart disease, and in June she died. Uncle wished us to come and live with him and his three children. We did so, and spent a very pleasant summer. In the fall uncle engaged my siser, Emma, to come and keep house for him during the winter, and we returned to our house. During that summer and winter I worked at carpentering. Some time during the winter of 1870 and 1871 father and mother Pratt visited us. Father somehow had got an exaggerated idea of the fertility of Florida, and when he came to see it he was disappointed and took a pessimistic view of it, as far the other way.

Father stayed in Jacksonville about three weeks and then returned to his home in Clinton, Wis. Mother stayed awhile longer and then she went back. About the first of April sister Emma was returning to Brooklyn and my wife and little boy went with her, and from there to visit

her friends in Connecticut. Father Pratt's folks were very desirous that we should come to Wisconsin to live, and to induce me to come mother purchased the planing mill in which I had worked when I first went West. Soon after my wife went North I had obtained a job at St. Mary's, Ga. When mother wrote of having bought the mill and wishing me to come North, I resigned my job, returned to Jacksonville and packed up our goods and about the first of June met my wife in Brooklyn and we went together to Clinton, visiting my folks on the way.

When we got to Clinton I found that father had bought out his partners in the elevator. He wanted to sell out the wood-working machinery and install the feed mill in the elevator, and have me go in the business with him. The wood-working was more to my taste, but I had no money to carry it on, so I accepted his proposition. We moved the engine and boiler to the elevator and also put in a run of stone and bolt to make flour. We had plenty to do, but I soon saw we were making no money. Father was happy because there was lots to do, and he could not believe that we were not prospering; but the books showed me that we were not. So I withdrew from the business and obtained employment with O. B. Olmstead & Co., in Beloit as a woodworker. While we were living in the little house on the planing mill property in Clinton our second child, Charles, was born March 13, 1872. Some time in the following summer I went to Beloit to work and in the fall moved there. When I first went to work for Olmstead they were making the Eclipse windmill for the Wheelers. The Wheelers withdrew their patronage and started a shop of their own in the building now used as a pumping station on the water-power. Olmstead thought to introduce a windmill invented by a Mr. Kline, an old-fashioned millwright, working on the plan of the turbine water-wheel. They built one about 16 feet

in diameter and it seemingly worked well. They contracted to put up one for pumping water for a railroad at Belleville, Ill., and I was sent down to superintend setting it up in November, 1873.

I returned to Beloit in January, and in February was sent to Zanesville, Ohio, to set up another of the same kind. At that time business of all kinds was bad on account of the panic, due to a shrinkage of prices caused by the return to specie payments. At a time when we really were needing more money to meet the development of business in the South the supply of money was being shortened by the retirement of government paper money. Business at Beloit was bad and many firms were failing. I went from Zanesville to Marietta to see my sister, Emma, who was at that time with A. J. Warner's family, and thought I was lucky to get employment in a hub and wheel factory of which he was president.

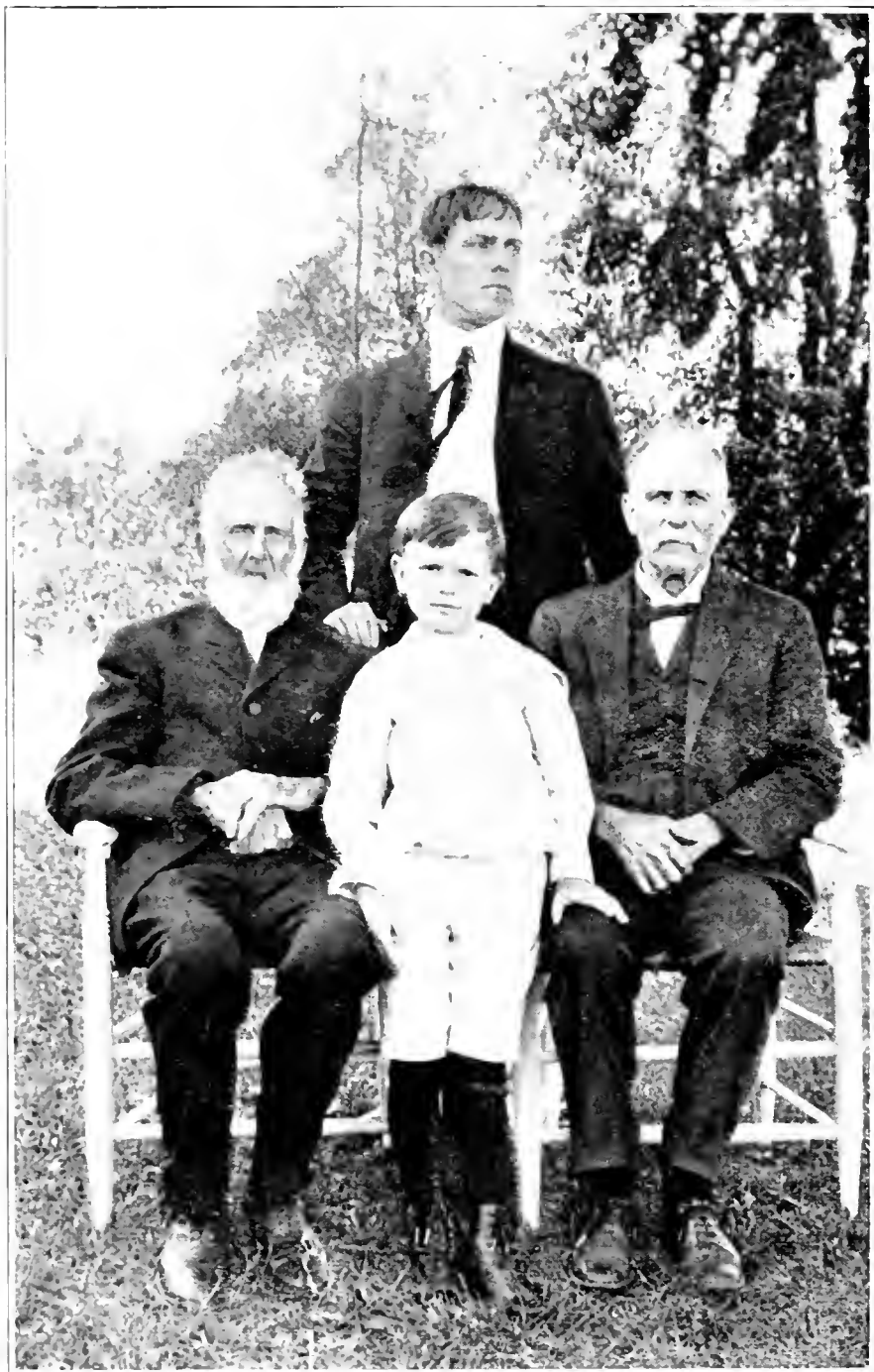
My wife packed our goods and shipped them to Marietta, and then went with the children to visit my folks in Western New York, later coming on to Marietta. In the summer of '76 I went to Philadelphia and spent a week seeing the Centennial Exposition. In the fall of 1877 I thought I might do better to go into business for myself and moved to Jeffersonville, Fayette county, it being a larger place and I thought better for the business of making and repairing wagons and carriages. At this place our daughter, Fanny Elma, was born, April 28, 1879.

We lived at Jeffersonville till 1881, when, at the earnest solicitation of Father and Mother Pratt we again moved to Wisconsin. I obtained work with E. M. Watson in Beloit at pattern-work and general jobbing, bought a lot at 502 Eighth Street, and built a house in which I have since lived. Not all of the house was built at once, but the main part, 16x28, and we moved into it when it was

only enclosed and the roof on, but no windows or doors in. We moved into it the first of July, 1882. I worked for Mr. Watson that summer and the next winter and summer, working on my house mornings and evenings, and by winter had it made comfortable by lining the ceiling inside with thick paper. The next summer I built a wing on it the same way. In December, 1888, having no employment in Beloit, I purchased the right for a patent fireproof roof paint for Duval county, Florida, and Arthur and I went there to sell it and put it on. We worked with it during the winter and returned to Beloit about the first of June. During the summer I worked with Father Pratt with the same paint in Harvard, Ill.

The business did not prove profitable nor did I like it. About the first of December, 1885, I purchased the shop and good will of Mr. Watson, for whom I had worked when I first came to Beloit. The shop was in the second story of an old stone building at the corner of Bridge (now Grand avenue) and Third street. At first I had no power, but the latter part of May, 1886, I bought a Shipman engine which used oil for fuel and had sufficient power to run a circular saw and a lathe. In the following January the boiler exploded, blowing all of the windows out of the shop. Fortunately Arthur and I were at the opposite end of the shop and were not hurt. In May, 1890, I purchased the site of the old Gray planing mill north of Dowd's Knife Works. On it was a building 16x40, and under it a flume and water wheel. I moved my machinery there during the following month and the following fall I doubled the size of the building, adding to the north.

Soon after I bought the shop from Watson I saw a copy of the "Electrical Engineer" and subscribed for it. I had always been interested in it and thought a knowledge of it might be of value to the boys. In it was a de-



FOUR GENERATIONS

Sitting—Myron Warner, C. O. Warner.
Standing—C. H. Warner, Lester Warner.

scription of a small electric motor, and Arthur, who was with me in the shop, undertook to make one. I assisted him when he found it difficult, and when finished it ran finely with three or four cells of battery. This stimulated him to make a larger motor or dynamo, something after the design of the Edison machine, but with a shuttle armature. This, when finished and driven by the engine, would light an incandescent lamp, and he sold it to a school teacher for experimental purposes for \$25.

He then set to work on an armature for a much larger machine of the cylinder type with, I think, 36 segments in the commutator. When the armature was finished I borrowed the money to get the field castings and wire, and when finished it was quite efficient. We could not tell how good, for lamps were expensive, and we knew of no other way of testing it; but it attracted a good deal of attention. He afterwards sold it to the Gastons to run 25 lights, and before they discarded it they were running 75 with it.

We really knew very little about calculating the capacity of such a machine, and there was very little information to be obtained on the subject. A little later I obtained the only work on the subject that I could find, a treatise by Sir William Thompson. In it he described a machine built by Edison, and called the Jumbo, because it was so large. It was driven by a 150-horsepower engine, and he remarks that he thought it was larger than would ever be successful. Now (1910) dynamos delivering 10,000 horsepower are common, and I do not know but larger.

The Beloit Iron Works were thinking of putting in a machine to light their shops and Arthur persuaded them to give us an order to make them a machine to run 75 lights. We made the patterns. The Iron Works made the castings for us, except the brass, which Arthur made

himself. The field castings weighed about 2000 pounds. The Iron Works did the machine work for us, and when it was finished, except the field coils, it ran strongly as a motor with only a few turns of wire on the fields. We then got the wire for the fields and finished it up and installed it and it gave good satisfaction, as it ran 150 incandescent and three or four arc lights. This was finished in 1888.

During the winter following we made another smaller dynamo with Swedish iron cores for the fields, and in March of that year had it on exhibition at a fair in Hanchett's hall as a motor driven by electricity from the Iron Works' dynamo, only one wire being used, the return current by the ground. This was the first electric motor seen in Beloit. During the winter of 1890 and 1891 we built for The Beloit Straw Board Co. a dynamo to run 200 lights. We made it for 220 volts to run two lights in series, as Mr. Adams wanted to light his house, some distance away. From the experience acquired in making the other machines, we were able to calculate pretty closely as to what was necessary to get the desired results. Charles, who had been working for the Beloit Iron Works for a year as draftsman, made the drawings for us. The machine is still at work (1910).

In July, 1887, I with my daughter, Fanny, went to the old home near Strykersville to attend the family gathering and also to celebrate the golden wedding of my father and mother. The actual event was the 4th of June, but it was inconvenient for so many to be there at that time and it was postponed. There were present about sixty of father's relatives—brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces; also a cousin, A. J. Warner, and wife, from Marietta, Ohio.

In 1892 I attended the G. A. R. encampment at Washington, and visited my sister, Emma, in Chester,

Pa., my cousins in Brooklyn and my father and aunt at Strykersville. The next summer my father visited me at Beloit and together we saw the exposition at Chicago.

In July, 1904, as many of us who could met at the old home to celebrate the ninetieth anniversary of our father's birth. He was then in excellent health. This was the last time any considerable numbers of the descendants of Milo Warner have met together. Aunt Cordelia died October 3, 1906.

The latter part of June, 1907, my wife was East and brought my father with her to Beloit. He lived with us in good health till the latter part of February, 1909, when he was taken with urinal trouble and died April 25. He was conscious till 4 p. m. of the day before his death. Funeral services were held at the house Sunday afternoon, the 25th, and Monday my wife and I went with the body to Java Village and then to the cemetery at Strykersville.

In September, 1910, my wife and I went to Niagara Falls, where we stayed one night, then to Philadelphia, to my sister's, then to Atlantic City to the G. A. R. encampment, then to Philadelphia again and to Gettysburg, and from there to Washington. Returning, we stopped over one night at Burdette to visit the widow of Uncle Jacob, and at Chaffee and Strykersville; also at Eldred, Pa., to visit Cousin Charles Morse. We left home the 17th of September and returned to Beloit, October 14th.

August 5, 1911, I left Beloit for Albany to attend the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of my regiment. There were about 75 present, but only three or four that I was acquainted with. One was a comrade named Phillips, that I had not seen since '62, nor heard from till the summer before. I called on and made the acquaintance of two sisters of my comrade, Charles F. Sigourney. They were living in the house that was their father's

long before the war. Returning, called at Syracuse and visited Cousins E. E. Warner and Mrs. Hodges, and at Chaffee, Strykersville, Arcade and Springville, reaching Beloit on the 17th.

In October, 1912, Charles was about to start for California with his automobile. His wife was at Hot Springs, Ark., with her sister, and he was to join her there. He asked me if I would like to go with him and Lester to the springs, and then return by rail. I thought I would, and we left about the 8th and were seven days on the way. We stayed one night in St. Louis, and I called on father's cousin, Erastus H. Warner, whom I had not seen since 1850, though I had had some correspondence with him. At Hot Springs I met an old acquaintance and army comrade, T. B. Stearns. When it was time for me to return, Charles also had to return on account of some business, and I had his company back.

Just before Christmas Arthur sold out the business of the Warner Instrument Co., and Charles had to return from California to settle up the business. He wished myself and his mother to return with him to California and spend the winter. I sold out my shop, closed up my business and about the middle of January was in Los Angeles, living in an apartment on Ninth Street. We spent a very pleasant winter, one week in San Diego, and in April went to San Francisco, Berekley and Oakland, where I met an army comrade with whom I had messed two years and had not heard from since we were discharged till the history of our regiment was published in 1911, when he found my address and wrote to me. We also visited friends in Santa Barbara and Sacramento. We returned to Beloit via El Paso, Houston (I went to Galveston and called on an acquaintance, Wesley Avers, a lieutenant in the army at Texas City), and New Orleans, reaching Beloit the 3rd of June.

The 21st of June I left Beloit for the reunion at Gettysburg. Visited my sister in Philadelphia, and a nephew, Burke Sherman, at Reading, Pa. I also visited the battlegrounds at Fredricksburg and near Richmond and Belle Island, where I was a prisoner in 1862; and cousins in Brooklyn, Aunt Louisa and Cousin Edith in Burdette and relatives in Western New York. I also visited cousins in Hartford, Conn., and in Springfield, Mass. While in that state I called on my cousin, Hermann Morse. He is the only one of his mother's seven children living. He saw my father and mother married. He was 82 years old when I saw him and appeared vigorous. I got back to Beloit August 18th.

September 10th I went from Beloit to Keokuk to see the big dam and power plant at that place. Returning, stopped at Peoria and saw the widow of Uncle Fisk. September 27th was riding my bicycle on the street and was struck by an automobile and thrown to the pavement, my collarbone and two ribs being broken. I think I never felt so uncomfortable as I did for a few following days, but was able to dress myself within four or five days.

October 29th I left Beloit for Philadelphia with my wife to visit my sister on our way to Florida, reaching the Quaker City on the evening of the 30th. Left there November 9th, about 11 a. m., and got to Jacksonville at 3 p. m. the next day. We stopped there overnight, intending to see more of the city the next day, but it was so cold that we left on the morning train and stopped till evening at St. Augustine, when we left for Miami, where we arrived at 11:30 the next morning.

We stayed there till April 25, 1914, enjoying the most delightful climate that I have ever seen. I made trips to Nassau, N. P., and to Lake Okochobee, St. Cloud and Fort Myers. We stopped in Jacksonville from 11

a. m. till 8 p. m., and drove about the city considerable, but there was nothing but the river that looked at all like the city of 44 years before or of 15 years later, when Arthur and I were there.

We got home to Beloit at 6:30 p. m., April 28th, and found the change from the sunny South to the cold and cloudy North anything but pleasant. I made some garden, but I found when I tried to do hard work, like spading, that I lamed my back and had to desist. I was intending to go to Dayton, N. Y., to a reunion of Companies A and H of my regiment, but saw in the paper, July 25th, that there was to be a reunion of old settlers at Java the 30th, and determining the next day, Sunday, that I would go there, I wrote to my brother to that effect. Left Beloit Tuesday morning and got to Buffalo the next morning and out to Chaffee before noon.

The next day Brother Will and I went to the picnic at Java, where we had a very pleasant time. We met many old acquaintances, some that I had once known and forgotten. I stayed with Will and went to the reunion at Dayton, the 8th. Visited cousins and friends at Arcade, Eldred, Pa., Strykersville and Java Village. I also went to Syracuse and visited cousins there. I returned to Detroit, Mich., August 31st, to the G. A. R. reunion, returning to Beloit September 4th.

While we were in Miami our daughter visited us and was so pleased with the place and climate that she purchased a place four miles north of the city. She, with her husband, hoped to be able to go there to take possession in July or August, but could not make arrangements to get off till September 6th, when they left to make the trip with their automobile. As we did not wish to keep house after they were gone we sold off most of

our furniture and books, packing up what we decided we wanted to keep and storing them in the upper rooms of Arthur's garage and came to his house to stay, October 10th.

A LITTLE HISTORY OF THE WARNER INSTRUMENT COMPANY

IN the latter part of 1891, after we had installed the electric light machine in the paper mill, Mr. Wyley came to Beloit. We had first made his acquaintance soon after I bought the shop from Mr. Watson, when he came to me to have some patterns made. Arthur had, at that time, the second small machine that he made. Wyley was very much interested in it, as he had attempted something of the kind himself. and brought his attempt to Beloit; but nothing came of it at that time.

He was much impressed with the efficiency of the paper mill machine, and persuaded Arthur that it would be a good thing to get a franchise from the city and put in an electric lighting plant. Arthur's acquaintance with the Beloit Iron Works, the treasurer of which Mr. Janvrin, was an alderman, made it easy to get a franchise. They built a machine from the patterns of the paper mill machine, and started to furnish lights to customers.

They put up a building on my mill property and used the surplus power from my water wheel. It soon became evident that it could not be depended on for power; and in the fall of 1892 they put in a hundred-horse-power engine and boiler. They gave good satisfaction to their customers, but were not making any money; and as one of them could manage the business, they both looked for employment in other places.

Arthur was the first to secure employment, with the Northern Electric Company of Madison, and went to work for them the latter part of 1897 or early in 1898. A year later Wyley sold out the business, leaving Arthur

a thousand dollars in debt. Arthur's work at first was installing motors and electrical driven machinery; but he soon became a salesman and was receiving a good salary. He also invented a motor especially designed for elevators. To test its efficiency he wished a speed indicator, and consulted with Charles as to the best method of constructing one.

Several ideas were discussed and discarded. Charles proposed a disk dynamo and voltmeter and this led to the idea of revolving the magnet driven by the moving machinery which should move a disk or pointer by induction against a spring. At first a horseshoe magnet was used; and trying it, they thought the plan promised success; but there were several faults. They kept at work at it, however, Charles putting a small lathe in the basement of his house and working at odd times. They finally had one that appeared to work very well; and Arthur, in his travels, showed it to some scientific men, who commended it. It was about the time of the beginning of scientific management in business, and some engineers saw that a speed indicator that would show the exact speed without counting would be valuable. They, however, did not think the instrument was as perfect as it should be. So they hired a room from the Gesleys and put in a lathe, an emery wheel and a drill driven by a small electric motor; and hired Mr. A. B. Cadman to work under their direction to improve it.

After about six months of work they believed they had it so perfect that it worth while to make a thousand of them. They had it patented and called it the Cut-meter. They hired a space in the old tobacco warehouse at the foot of Roosevelt Avenue, about 20x60 feet, bought a little more machinery and began work on them. They hired one or two men more to help Mr. Cadman, both of them keeping their situations, as they needed their earn-

ings to keep the thing going. What they needed was money to advertise it and put it on the market.

Arthur in his travels as a salesman had made the acquaintance of Mr. James Barclay, a man who had made considerable money in manufacturing and was interested in plants in Moline, Ill., and Madison, Wis. He got him to come to Beloit and see what they were doing, and he agreed to put in \$5000 for a one-sixth interest in the business. They made it a stock company, with a nominal capital of \$30,000. Miss Addie Irish, who had loaned Arthur \$1000, wished to take that amount of stock instead of the money, and I took one share of \$100, the balance being equally divided between Arthur and Charles. The first meeting of the stockholders was held January 3, 1904, only Arthur, Mr. Barclay and C. O. Warner being present.

The first advertisement and description in the "American Machinist" in April the same year met with instant response. Letters in regard to it were received from all parts of the world, even from Japan, Russia and Australia; and orders soon exhausted the stock on hand. The United States Government ordered some of them to indicate speed of machinery in shops and in the navy.

It might have perhaps made a successful small business for the purpose for which it was designed, but it was to the automobile that it owed its greatest success. They were just getting speedy and it was desirable to know how fast. One of them was attached to the automobile of Mr. Aldrich, president of the Beloit Iron Works, and several more to the cars of other prominent owners. After considerable experimenting it was put on the market under the name of the Warner Auto-meter. The company name was The Warner Instrument Company.

The business grew very rapidly, so that by 1906 the old tobacco warehouse, 40x100 feet, two stories and base-

ment, was full of machinery and it was necessary to provide larger shops. They were offered inducements to go to other places. Owners of property in South Beloit offered them a building site of eight acres, convenient to the railroad, if they would build there; and they accepted and put up a building of cement and brick with sawtooth roof, 100x200 feet, up-to-date in all respects. There was also an office, power house and several other buildings. They moved into it in the fall of 1907. The business continued to grow and in the summer of 1912, 240 feet was added to the main building.

The Warners took great pride in the quality of their product. They wished to make the very best instrument possible and to satisfy every customer. If there was any complaint, it was at once made good. Many of the first ones are still in use, having been transferred to new machines.

OCKER
JUL 28 1983

